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MARCH, 1916
VOL. XXIII. NO. 181

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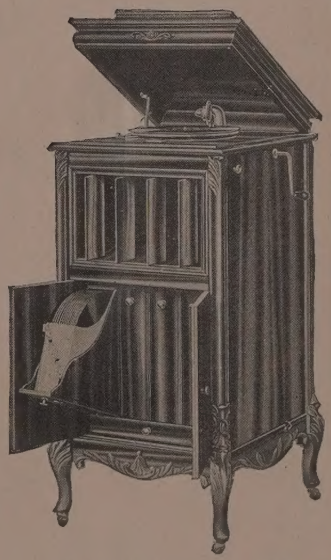

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Contents: March, 1916

Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

ASTOR. "THE COHAN REVUE 1916." Clever and well staged revue, burlesquing all the popular stage successes.

BANDBOX. WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS. Unique one-act plays, well acted, presented by these interesting players.

BELASCO. "THE BOOMERANG." Amusing comedy, cleverly acted by Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger and other favorites.

BOOTH. "THE GREATEST NATION." William Elliott in a new play dealing with the present world crisis.

CANDLER. "THE HOUSE OF GLASS." Emotional drama dealing with a woman unjustly accused of crime.

CASINO. "THE BLUE PARADISE." A merry musical play.

COHAN. "COCK O' THE WALK." A play of the stage, inspired by the Shakespearean tercentenary with Otis Skinner in the rôle of a swaggering actor.

COMEDY. "HOBSON'S CHOICE." Quaint and whimsical play telling an old-fashioned story in a new fashioned way.

CORT. "ANY HOUSE." Drama dealing with the intrigue of a group of financiers who are attempting to plunder a rich railroad corporation.

CRITERION. "MACBETH." Sumptuous production with Joseph Urban settings of Shakespeare's tragedy, but inadequately acted by James K. Hackett and company.

DANSE DE FOLLIES. "ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC." Beautiful girls, attractive costumes, and elaborate scenery in this new frolic which is a feast to the eye.

ELTINGE. "FAIR AND WARMER." Farce, full of wit and humor. Highly amusing.

EMPIRE. MAUDE ADAMS in a revival of Barrie's charming Scotch play. "The Little Minister."

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "JUST A WOMAN." Play by Eugene Walter, centering around the steel industry in Pennsylvania.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET. "KATINKA." A typical musical play by the authors of "High Jinks" and "The Firefly."

FULTON. "THE MELODY OF YOUTH." Brandon Tynan in a romantic comedy of the early nineteenth century.

GAIETY. "ERSTWHILE SUSAN." Mrs. Fiske in the rôle of an elocution teacher in a play founded on the novel, "Barnabetta."

GARDEN. "THE WEAVERS." Splendid presentation in English of Gerhart Hauptmann's drama of social justice, acted by excellent company.

GLOBE. "STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!" Gaby Deslys in a new and lavishly staged revue.

HARRIS. "HIT-THE-TRAIL HOLLIDAY." Prohibition play in which George M. Cohan, the author, makes facetious use of Billy Sundayism.

HIPPODROME. "HIP-HIP-HOORAY." Sumptuous spectacle, full of novel surprises, and with a beautiful ballet on skates.

HUDSON. "THE CINDERELLA MAN." A whimsical four-act comedy with Shelley Hull and Phoebe Foster in the cast.

LIBERTY. "SYBIL." Those popular stars, Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in a new musical play.

LONGACRE. "THE GREAT LOVER." Leo Ditrichstein in a highly successful romantic comedy of grand opera life.

LYCEUM. "OUR MRS. MCCHESNEY." High and eccentric comedy.

LYRIC. "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER IN SOCIETY." A continuation of "Potash and Perlmutter." Amusing and well-acted.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "THE PRIDE OF RACE." Robert Hilliard as star in a dramatic play based on an unpleasant theme.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "MARGARET SCHILLER." Elsie Ferguson in a play of the present war with impossible situations and in which Miss Ferguson is not seen at her best.

PLAYHOUSE. "THE EARTH." Revival of James Bernard Fagan's play of yellow journalism. Also Shaw's "Major Barbara."

PRINCESS. "VERY GOOD EDDY." Musical piece founded on the farce "Over Night." Well produced.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "TREASURE ISLAND." A creditable performance of the dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known story "Treasure Island."

REPUBLIC. "COMMON CLAY." Sociological drama, highly dramatic, affording Jane Cowl emotional opportunities. Rather weak ending.

SHUBERT. "ALONE AT LAST." A typical Franz Lehar operetta.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN." Modern comedy by Louis K. Anspacher—one of the best plays of the year.

WINTER GARDEN. "ROBINSON CRUSOE, JR." Al Jolson in a new production well up to the standard of this playhouse.

THE COVER:

Portrait in Colors of Miss Marguerite Leslie

Marguerite Leslie was born in Ostersund, Sweden, and received her education in Sweden and England. She made her début on the London stage with Sir Charles Wyndham in "A Night Out," and continued playing in that city for seven years, two with Sir Charles Wyndham and five under Charles Frohman's management. She then came to America and appeared under Oliver Morosco's management in Los Angeles. She was starred in "The Money Moon," and was seen with Frances Starr in Henry Bernstein's play, "The Secret." She will appear shortly in a new play under Lee Kugel's management.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompained when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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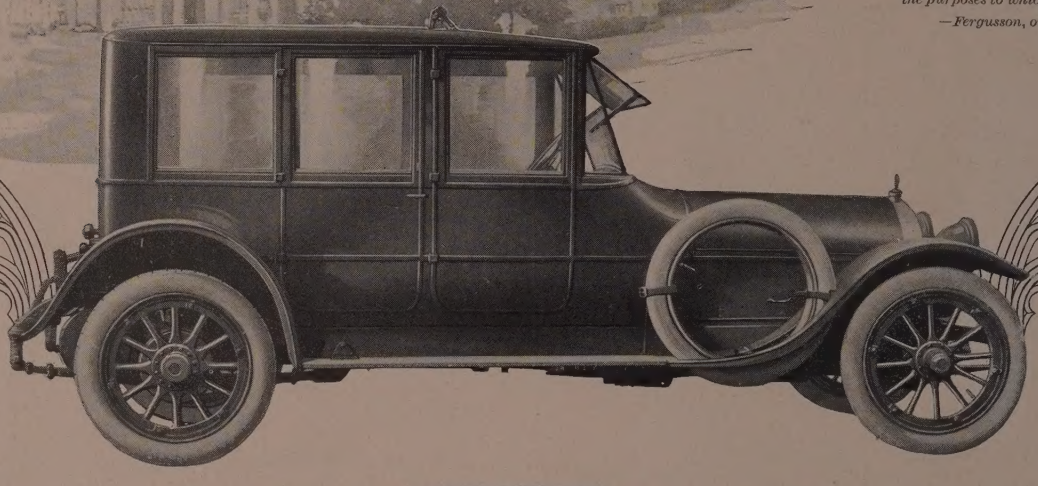
—Fergusson, on Cathedral Architecture.



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THE THEATRE

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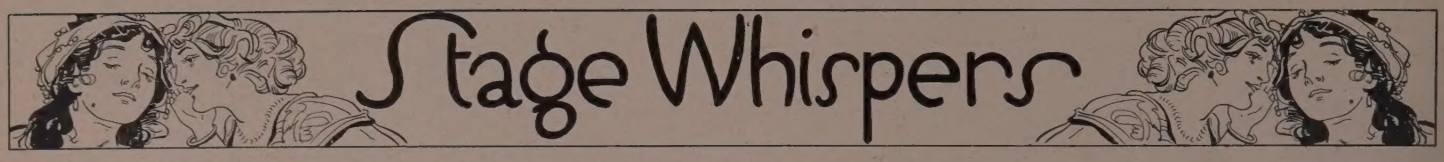
White

EDWIN ARDEN AND FRANK GILLMORE IN "ANY HOUSE" AT THE CORT THEATRE



Realistic Death Scenes Frank Reicher remarked the other day that Richard Mansfield was the only actor he had ever seen who could "die" well. A stage death scene is one of the greatest tests of an artist. Balanced as it is on the hair-line that separates the sublime from the ridiculous one false movement can utterly destroy the illusion. How often a titter has run around the house when the player, after a violent spasm, lies prone and extinct on the floor, wheezing and heaving like a trained sea-lion after its performance. The trick of dying well cannot be taught. It is a subtle something which grips the audience and makes it believe it is actually in the presence of the Grim Reaper. Bernhardt has the gift to a marked degree. In her earlier days I have seen an entire house sobbing when Camille's hand, which was about all of her one could see, slowly relaxed as her strength and spirit passed away. A lace handkerchief finally slipped from the dying fingers, the hand fell limp—and men wept freely and unashamed as at a real death bed.

* * *

Beauty Hints "How to be beautiful," seems to be an absorbing matter of interest, which young, beautiful actresses are frequently discussing in the evening papers. These articles are intended to instruct those unfortunate young women who do not know how to be beautiful. The knowledge that reaches them must be confusing, when they read under a fetching picture of the actress, who, looking like a princess, is wearing expensive furs: "Always choose furs that suit your complexion." Such common sense advice to a girl who is earning $10.00 a week must be discouraging. But the editor knows, of course.

* * *

Mrs. Fiske's New Role Too long absent from the stage for want of a suitable medium it is refreshing to note that Mrs. Fiske has finally found a rôle that fits her peculiarly talented personality like the proverbial glove. In the title rôle of "Erstwhile Susan" she will undoubtedly pack the Gaiety for a long while to come; for she has a following as comprehensive as it is loyal.

* * *

Theatrical Ethics Eugene Walter's "Just a Woman," at the 48th Street Theatre, was played on the road during preceding months under two different titles, "The Plain Woman" and "The Better Way." A complaint from a visitor to New York raises a hitherto unexpressed question in theatrical ethics. The protest reads: "I went to see 'Just a Woman,' believing it to be a new play and found the same production that I had seen six months before under another title. Should not the theatre-goer be guarded against mistakes of this kind?" To the question, "What's in a name?" he answers, "Two mis-spent dollars."

* * *

"Henry IV" To Be Seen Here The Harvard University Chapter of Delta Upsilon, as their contribution to the Shakespearean Tercentenary Celebration, will present at the Century Lyceum on the afternoon and evening of March 18th, "Henry IV," Part II. Not since 1822, ninety-four years ago, has this play been acted in America. If some other enthusiasts will come along and give us productions of "Henry VI," Parts I, II and III, "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," and "Pericles," every one of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays will have had a hearing on the American stage.

Yesterday and To-Day "For twelve years I walked the shady side of Broadway, looking for work," said a young leading man. "Suddenly I find I am worth three hundred and fifty dollars a week, and a thousand dollars a week in moving pictures. Why? I don't know. It's all very absurd, but quite pleasant." The acting business is like mining, no prospect is improbable.

* * *

Pictures vs. Plays Producers have unearthed a number of successful plays this season, but they are encountering great difficulty in booking consecutive routes outside of the larger cities. When managers could not get enough plays they installed pictures, and before changing back to stage productions they want assurance of more than one or two performances a week.

* * *

Uncomfortable Theatres Managers complain of poor business. Do they ever stop to consider that empty houses may be due to something else than the merits of the play itself? When a man has to spend two hours and a half in a theatre, he likes to be comfortable, and given two plays of equal merit, he is likely to select that playhouse which will afford him the same comparative ease that he would have enjoyed had he stayed at home. Taken all in all, New York has the safest, the most comfortable, the most luxurious theatres in the world. Yet some of our leading playhouses suffer from the greed of managers who crowd too many seats on the orchestra floor, with the result that Mr. Theatre-goer has no elbow room and is forced to sit in a painfully cramped position all evening. One uptown playhouse, of recent construction, is a notorious offender in this respect. The hard leather seats are so small one can barely squeeze into them. There is so little space between the rows that the backs of the chairs actually scrape one's knees, while at the rear of the auditorium the lobby is so narrow that two persons cannot pass each other without one stepping aside.

* * *

The House Beautiful It is a pleasure to turn from this uncomfortable house with its draughty foyer, its cramped seating accommodations and badly kept retiring rooms, to a theatre like the New Amsterdam, which, although thirteen years old, still deserves the distinctive title conferred upon it at the opening—the House Beautiful. When first opened, its exquisite *nouveau art* decorations, its mural paintings and delicate-toned furnishings, were the talk of the town. The wise acres shook their heads and predicted that such delicacy of treatment was a mistake, that the furnishings would soon fade, and that it was all too fine to last. But it has lasted. The house is as fresh and beautiful to-day as when it was first thrown open to the public, and the secret is that the managers, Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, insist on it being kept scrupulously clean, both before and behind the curtain. It is still the House Beautiful. Its spacious, richly carpeted lobbies, its broad stairways, luxurious lounges, fine smoking and wash rooms, make theatre-going a delight. Here the "tired business man" can throw off his fatigue and enjoy at least the illusion of contentment. He is at home, with all the comfort that the word implies. It is always good policy to cater to Mr. Theatre-goer's creature wants. Nice surroundings are apt to make him overlook the defects of the play.

As Others See Us Speaking at the Motion Picture Board of Trade banquet, at the Hotel Biltmore, President Wilson referred to his impression of himself on the screen: "After watching my unnaturally quick movements and uncommon grimaces, I have sometimes gone to bed wondering if I really was that sort of a guy."

* * *

A Modest Fiddler Talking of the President, an amusing and characteristic story is told of a well-known young Russian violinist whose popularity makes him sometimes believe he is the greatest fiddler that ever lived. At a recent reception a friend, thinking to flatter him, said he heard that at the artist's recital in Washington, where President Wilson was present, the house was crowded to the doors. "Why Washington, and why President Wilson?" demanded the violinist with affected ingenuousness.

* * *

Cut-Rate Tickets One of the last published statements of the late Charles Frohman before he sailed on the *Lusitania*, pronounced an unalterable opposition to cut-rate tickets for any of his productions. The Charles Frohman estate, however, in its greater wisdom, permits the sale of tickets at reduced rates for Otis Skinner in "Cock O' the Walk," at Geo. M. Cohan's Theatre.

* * *

Blackboards for Box Offices Prices for theatre tickets these days are about as variable as quotations on the Stock Exchange. If the play is a success one may expect to pay from three to five dollars for an orchestra chair. If patronage is small, one dollar is sufficient. Why not install blackboards in place of the tablets beside box office windows so that daily quotations may be written in chalk and easily erased?

* * *

London Theatres In War Time The war is having a disastrous effect on the theatrical business in England. The London theatres, it is said, are kept alive by their week-end audiences. That is the time when Tommy Atkins, relieved from active duty at the front, is temporarily sent home for a little diversion. As a consequence this transient class seeks amusement at the theatres. With far more excuse than the "tired business man" of New York he naturally wants only the lightest form of entertainment. The problem play and the emotional drama are having a hard time of it. Strange to say, however, the English metropolis this season has had lots of Shakespeare and it has been presented too with substantial returns. With the Germans the trip back to Berlin is not so easy, but the drama is not neglected by the Kaiser's soldiers. Before hostilities broke out a theatre at Lille was in course of construction. Now the Germans have completed it, having secured in some way the original drawings, and a professional company from Berlin is daily holding forth. The drama is accepted everywhere as the great panacea for the horrors of war.

* * *

Living at High Pressure "Never take an actress seriously," said a manager. "I've been thirty-seven years in the business, and they never mean what they say. In all the vital, real responsibility of their natures, they are more or less at sea. The stage is a miniature life at high pressure, and an actress is a miniature woman living at high pressure."

THE NEW PLAYS

Photos White Juan Villasana Kenneth Hunter Sydney Shields Merle Maddern

SCENE IN ACT II OF "THE FEAR MARKET" RECENTLY AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

CRITERION. "MACBETH." Shakespeare's tragedy presented on February 7th with this cast:

Duncan, Charles B. Hanford; Malcolm, Franklin George; Donalbain, Albert Hickey; Macbeth, Mr. Hackett; Banquo, Paul Everton; Macduff, William K. Harcourt; Lennox, Joseph Whitmore; Ross, Harry David Smith; Fleance, Lottie Dewey; Young Siward, Cassius C. Quimby; Seyton, an Officer, Walter Thomas; A Doctor, Allan Thomas; A Sergeant, Cassius C. Quimby; A Porter, William A. Evans; Lady Macbeth, Miss Allen; Gentlewoman, Mrs. Alexander Salvini; First Witch, Annie Hughes; Second Witch, Mabel Inslee; Third Witch, Forest Doolittle; First Murderer, Edward Kummerou; Second Murderer, Henley Edwards; A Messenger, Barry McCullum.

There are at least three good reasons why lovers of the legitimate should patronize Jas. K. Hackett's Shakespearean season at the Criterion. First, "Macbeth," these days, is all too infrequently acted, better see it while you can; second, the temerity of the venture deserves a reward; third, the investiture of the tragedy is one of rare and unusual beauty. By stature and general physical equipment Hackett is finely suited to the title rôle. His intelligence and liberal education should easily enable him to cope with the necessities of the rôle. But—and here follows an extract from the program: "Students of 'Macbeth' will notice many innovations, both in scenic treatment and the characterizations as attempted in the portrayals by the leading players, Mr. Hackett and Miss Allen both realize that in a sense this is a very daring thing to do, but they at least hope to suggest in many points, as far as research is able to establish, a somewhat new treatment of the two characters. Whether their conception be correct or not, they hope that the production will have at least the charm of novelty." Is not this the real solution of why from so much of merit so little of accomplishment is achieved? In the mad demand for novelty established values of convention are cast aside and something supplied which does not take its place. Shakespeare is all there. The acting version is thoughtfully and reverently edited. The wondrous text has lost none of its beauties save in the reading while the desire to present the two protagonists in a new light has weakened two lost souls sacrificed to an o'erweening ambition. Hackett's Macbeth scorns the influence of the supernatural, the meeting with the sisters is a joke, the mystic significance is ignored, and as a consequence Macbeth and his consort are sordid murderers. In some of the soliloquies, where he gave his rhythmic sense the rein he was at his best and in the banquet scene there was fine variety of picturesque movement and deep conviction expressed. He was always splendidly martial in appearance. Miss Viola Allen's Lady Macbeth is tolerable in the scene just mentioned and prettily plaintive in the sleep-walking incident. Of the supporting company it is not necessary to speak. With the exception of Mrs. Alexander Salvini's gentlewoman none calls for praise. But the scenery painted by Urban is a succession of beautiful pictures, exquisite in color and their effect of space and light. The Witch's Cavern, by Unitt and Wickes is also notable.

GAIETY. "ERSTWHILE SUSAN." Comedy in three acts by Marian de Forest, founded on Helen R. Martin's novel, "Barnabetta." Produced on January 18th with the following cast:

Barnaby Dreary, John Cope; Jacob Dreary, Robert Stowe Gill; Emanuel Dreary, Owen Meech; Abel Buchter; John Daly Murphy, David Jordan, Edward Robins; Robert Marsh, Hugh Chilvers; Absalom Puntz, Harry Cowley; Juliet Miller (Erstwhile Susan) Mrs. Fiske; Barnabetta Dreary, Madeline Delmar; Ramah Schwenkfelders, Wylda Millison; Mrs. Winthrop, Anite Clarendon; Alice Meredith, Anne Faystone; Helen Meredith, Julia Chippendale; Joseph Yoder, Samuel Aidenfelder; Abraham Wackernagel, Henry B. Fogler; Em. Wackernagel, Maude Longnecker; Jennie Getz, Marie Sasee.

JAMES K. HACKETT
as Macbeth at the Criterion

Photos White Elsie Ferguson SCENE IN "MARGARET SCHILLER" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

The comedy in three acts which Marian de Forest has fashioned from Helen R. Martin's novel "Barnabetta," is an interesting study of the Dunkards, that dour but highly religious cult of Southern Pennsylvania. Into this grim community of almost savage cruelty, tempered with religious exaltation, Mrs. Fiske, as a breezy emancipated woman from Iowa, is projected to bring about a reformation in the life of poor Barnabetta, a victim of Dunkard conditions. How she gains a brute of a husband, tames him, improves the manners of her boorish stepsons, and secures for Barnabetta a relief from her slavish environment and a husband worthy of her is revealed in a succession of scenes instinct with the truth and presented with true dramatic instinct and a fine sense of comedy relief. Juliet Miller, erstwhile Susan, a former actress, elocutionist and exponent of the feminine propaganda, is the rôle assigned to Mrs. Fiske, just the type of character for the vivid display of her incisive humor, authoritative comedy and dramatic assurance. It is a creation of compelling brilliancy. The drudge, Barnabetta, is enacted with sweet, gentle pathos by Madeline Delmar, while the father and business-like husband, Barnaby Dreary, is acted with rugged power, brutal suggestion and finely attuned distinction by John Cope. A capital bit of local color is contributed by John Daly Murphy as the hotelkeeper's son. The entire cast is adequate, the single setting appropriate while real atmosphere pervades the entire production.

48TH STREET. "JUST A WOMAN." Play in three acts by Eugene Walter. Produced on January 17th with this cast:

The Woman, Josephine Victor; The Man, Walter Hampden; The Boy, George Stuart Christie; The Hired Girl, Virginia Allen; The Lawyer (Lascelle), H. E. Herbert; The French Maid (Mimi), Margaret McWade; The Butler (Sanford), David Howell Lindley; The Detective (Emerson) Frank Monroe; The Bohemian Coachman (Aram), John Arthur; Ned, James Eagle; The Lady, Rose Winter; The Judge, Walter Wilson; The Clerk of the Court, Robert Forrest; The Attorney of Record, George Williams; The Junior Counsel, Robert Gaffney.

(Jasper) Alfred Latell and Little Billy in "The Cohan Revue, 1916" at the Astor

Before he turned playwright Eugene Walter was an expert reporter. His training shows itself in his stage craft. The manner in which he tells his story for the playhouse is just the way a newspaper man goes about it to turn out his copy. The salient feature is seized and its every facet played upon with logical incisiveness and revelatory detail of exposition. No play that Mr. Walter has so far written has been devoid of a central fact, poignant gripping and as up-to-date as a happening of yesterday. "Just a Woman," his latest play now on view at the 48th Street Theatre, is a daring dramatic and convincing exploitation of a certain phase of modern American life. Its main theme has done service before and successfully too. But he has given a new twist to the fable of the struggling married couple, who emerging into success are drawn apart by the disturbing circumstances of too much money. In the Walter drama, it is not a wife who solely slaves. She has the brains and from her enterprise they prosper. The husband merely battens on her labor and brains. But when he seeks a divorce and the custody of the child by perjured evidence, à la Strindberg, she declares the boy is not his in a court room scene of fine melodramatic significance and telling theatrical effectiveness. There is a sop to convention in the final scene where the husband, having done penance in jail for false witness, is about to be reconciled to his wife.

Josephine Victor, who plays the woman—in the opening act she runs a boarding house for mill hands, near Pittsburgh—gives a finely conceived and bravely executed rendering of the woman who will not efface herself. It is a genuine creation of breath, power and subtlety. Equally fine is Walter Hampden as the husband. Frank Monroe is vividly natural as the detective; Walter Wilson, a human, humane and plausible judge, and Rose Winter, an alluring example of the disturbing element in the domestic lute. The staging and settings are excellent. As a play with a punch "Just a Woman" fills the bill.

David Howell Lindley Frank Monroe George S. Christie Josephine Victor Margaret McWade

SCENE IN ACT II OF "JUST A WOMAN" AT THE FORTY-EIGHTH STREET THEATRE

BOOTH. "The Fear Market." Play in three acts by Amelie Rives. Produced on January 26th with the following cast:

The Padrone, Juan Villasana; Clelia, Merle Maddern; Sylvia, Sydney Shields; Ettore Forni, Kenneth Hunter; Major Stone, Edmund Breese; Sam, Richard Quilter; Judge Adam Torridge, Dewitt C. Jennings; Mrs. Reynolds, Eleanor Gordon; Dicky Wilkes, France Bendsten; Jedby Carson, Charles Laite; Walter Gale, Philip Perry; Robert Hill, Herbert Ranson; Oliver Ellis, Harrison Hunter; Milly Sayre, Lucile Watson; Bertie Sayre, Edwin Nicander; Charles, Charles Lothian; Count Baroni, H. Ranson; Miss Neill, Tracy L'Engle; Joe, Chester Hunt.

Since its original composition "The Fear Market" has undoubtedly been subjected to much thoughtful editing. It is a pity though that a little something more was not done to it before its Metropolitan presentation, for it just misses being a very superior play. Not that it is not vital and gripping in spots. It is all that, while certain of the comedy scenes sparkle with the pregnant zip of characteristic epigram. Briefly told, the play concerns the exciting happenings in the life of the editor of a blackmail ing society sheet. That he nearly compromises his own daughter, brought up in ignorance of her father's disreputable calling, forms the crux of the play. There is nice theatrical ingenuity advanced in the construction and the lesser social rôles are sketched with a fine sense of reality, a welcome relief from the usual set of conventional lay figures. Its conclusion is logically inevitable. Its faults are undue emphasis and iteration. It is as though the author felt too keenly the premises, thereby weakening her argument by her over enthusiasm. The discredited editor is a forceful figure as presented by Edmund Breese, but there is altogether too much of his legal associate, whose prototype will be found in the political history of this city. De Witt C. Jennings is its exponent. The daughter is played by Miss Sydney Shields, while two of her society friends as acted by Lucile Watson and Edwin Nicander are deliciously human and amusing. A high-minded reformer is played with dignified expression by Harrison Hunter. Charles Laite is successfully unpleasant as a journalistic parasite. Kenneth Hunter and France Bendsten agreeably type a passionate tenor and a society butterfly. Two of the four sets a loggia at Maggiore, and a drawing room in peacock blue, designed by the author's husband, the prince Pierre Troubetzkoy are models of exquisite taste and beauty.

Lower row—Odette Myrtil, Allyn King, Oscar Shaw, Dolly Sisters, Paul Frawley, Marion Harris and Sybil Carmen.

Top row—Olive Thomas, Will Rogers, Genevieve Warner, and Ziegfeld Trio.

THE PRINCIPAL FROLICERS IN THE "ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC."

Photos White The Dolly Sisters

FULTON. "Moonlight Mary." Comedy in three acts by George V. Hobart. Produced on January 27th with the following cast:

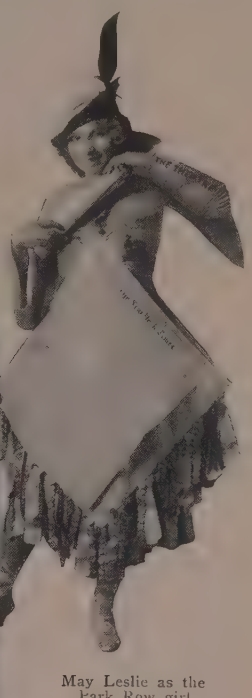
Pete Burke, Harry Lillford; Katie, Elizabeth Ariaans; Helen Vincent, Francine Larrimore; Lafe Stubbins, Wallace Owen; Laura Vincent, Rose Stahl; Betty Roberts, Kathleen Hitchens; John Stoddard, David Herblin; Bessie Nelson, Agnes Marc; Nettie Mason, Isabel Goodwin; Guy Wilson, Billy Meehan; Aunt Jessie Temple, Mrs. Kate Jepson; Oliver Tree, Echlin Gayer; Richard Madison, J. D. Walsh; Madeline Forrester, Francesca Rotoli; Helen Britton, Miriam Doyle; Ivy Stilson, Mabel Carruthers; Burton Grayling, Robert Taber.

George V. Hobart writes with facility, and should be experienced enough to contrive a play to order; but with "Moonlight Mary" he has not fitted Miss Rose Stahl. Possibly he wrote too hastily, or he may have followed a desired model too closely. Miss Stahl has not exhausted her resources of acting or the field of slangy comedy. The young woman who goes out into the world and who can take care of herself, emphasizing her virtue with slang, is still a figure that can hold its own in new adventures. But in "Moonlight Mary" Miss Stahl rescues her sister —as she thinks—from danger, just as she did in former plays. Only in this case the sister never was in any danger. So it is all about nothing. It is all the worse for being the same old story up to a certain point and then something else. Mary is Moonlight Mary because she enters the apartment of the man she suspects of the design to injure her sister through the window, in the moonlight, and with a dark lantern. She discovers that her sister, who occupies a room in the apartment, is honestly married to the backer of the play in which she is to appear. The play was written by Mary, who discovers the suspicious circumstances when she comes to New York. We have sufficiently indicated the weakness of the story and the play. A number of good episodes failed to atone for the improbabilities of the story. Miss Rose Stahl, of course, acts in her usual high-spirited vein, but there are times when good acting cannot redeem a bad play.

HUDSON. "The Cinderella Man." Comedy in four acts by Edward Childs Carpenter. Produced on January 17th with the following cast:

Morris T. Caner, Berton Churchill; Dr. Joseph Thayer, Theodore Babcock; Blodgett, Percival T. Moore; Albert Sewell, Hubert Wilke; D. Romney Evans, Charles Lane; Marjorie Caner, Phoebe Foster; Celeste, Hazel Turney; Walter Nicolls, Reginald Mason; Anthony Quintard, Shelley Hull; Jerry Primrose, Frank Bacon; The Great She-Bear, Lucille La Verne.

Playing with sentimentality and a make believe of fairyland in a garret is at least a relief from some of the grim realities and problems of life. Poverty becomes romance, ambition is easily achieved, only a word has to be said and all obstacles to love are removed, the millennium comes to the worthy without struggle, nobody is really vicious, and the world, in this little corner of it, is as it should be. A girl, long neglected by a rich grandfather comes to the lonely home, in which there are no pets, no joy, no occupation for the heart, all business and no soul. She hears of a young man of genius, a musician, who lives in the garret, pointed out to her, in the house next door. We next see the young man in his garret writing the opera that is to immortalize him, blowing on his numb fingers, no heat from the radiator and food problematic. He goes out. Marjorie is seen coming over the roof with a great basket of provisions. The youth returns to find the steaming pot and the girl hastily hid behind the curtains. She is accepted as a fairy princess, but representing herself as the companion of a rich woman. It is a placid story of romance and love.



May Leslie as the Park Row girl

Phoebe Foster is charming as the Cinderella Girl. Her performance is delightful throughout. Shelley Hull pleases as the hero. Lucille La Verne is always agreeable in any play in which she appears, and it is not to be regretted that she was chosen as the She-Bear.

LIBERTY. "Sybil." Musical comedy in three acts by Harry Graham and H. B. Smith, adapted from the original by Max Brody and Frank Martos. Music by Victor Jacobi. Produced on January 10th with this cast:

Sybil Renaud, Julia Sanderson; The Grand Duke Constantine, Donald Brian; Otto Spreckles, Joseph Cawthorn; The Grand Duchess Anna Pavlovna, Josephine Whittell; The Governor of Bomsk, George E. Mack; Captain Paul Petrow, Stewart Baird; Captain Dologow, Walter Gilbert; Lieutenant Koyander, William Francis; Count Milowski, Jackson Hines; Lieutenant Zelenoy, Charles Lester; Margot Maisie Gay; Bortschakow, Charles Hampden; A Schoolmaster, Clyde Crawford; Cossack Officer, Frank Markham; Page Boy, Master Statzes; First Waiter, Edward C. Yeager; Second Waiter, George Wharton; Mr. Crighton, Robert Markwell; Mrs. Crighton, Cynthia Latham.

That popular trio, Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn, have in "Sybil" a happy medium for the display of their talents. As a famous prima donna who is forced by circumstances to assume the rôle of a Grand Duchess, Miss Sanderson is graceful, charming, and wholly delightful. As the young and handsome Grand Duke, Donald Brian is at his best, and Joseph Cawthorn is exceedingly amusing as Otto Spreckles, particularly in his song entitled, *"I Can Dance With Everybody But My Wife."* The score is much above the average and the scenery and costumes picturesque.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "MARGARET SCHILLER." Play in four acts by Hall Caine. Produced on January 31st with this cast:

Sir Robert Temple, Norman Trevor; Lord Burnley, Frederick Esmelton; Mr. Dundas, Leslie Palmer; Sir Richard Carfax, David Kimball; Mr. Hallam, Lewis Sealy; Sir Malcolm Clark, Warburton Gamble; Inspector of Police, Douglas Paterson; Lady Dorothy Nugent, Grace Carlyle; Peggy, Runa Hodges; Galloway, Horton Cooper; Doctor Gottfried Schiller, Joseph Adelman; Mrs. Schiller, Marie Reichardt; Friedrick Schiller, Paul Doucet; Otto Schiller, Gareth Hughes; Margaret Schiller Elsie Ferguson; Gretchen, Eleanor Seyboldt; Freda Michel, Eileen Van Biene; Hoffmann, W. H. Barwald; Hegel, Griffith Lusk; Landau, Hermann Bernhard; Weber, M. F. Wilson.

"Margaret Schiller" shows Hall Caine to be a better novelist than he is a dramatist. The excellent cast prevails over the ineptitudes of the playwright. The story of the play is remarkable in that it concerns, indirectly, the war, and yet does not offend either side. It is indeed remarkable that an Englishman, in the present state of affairs, could be so open-minded as to have the action centre about a German family in London, deprived of a means of making a living, outraged and forbidden to leave the country, and who are enemies in thought and deed. Mr. Hall Caine has treated this family well; he should have treated the play better. There is really a fine, magnanimous idea here. To treat it theatrically misses the mark. Mr. Hall Caine has not worked out his idea well. He does not prove the very things on which the action of the plot depends. In what way does he prove that Margaret Schiller loves the British prime minister, whose life she saves by sacrificing her own? The absence of proof at this point and other points in the play make it abortive, and yet the undeveloped theory of the play is, somehow, persistent, and the effect is gained, but almost solely through Miss Elsie Ferguson. Margaret Schiller's father has died in an English prison in circumstances of applied cruelty; Margaret will avenge him, and takes the place of a friend who has been engaged as governess in the prime minister's family. Her identity is discovered, the prime minister forgives her, retains her in service; she agrees to forego her designs. Her brother is chosen to kill the benefactor, she contrives to substitute herself for him as he is to be shot on entering a dark room. Her brother escapes; she died in her benefactor's arms. All this is inconclusive. An expert might be able to remedy it.

Matzene

ROSE STAHL
Seen in "Moonlight Mary" at the Fulton

DANSE DE FOLLIES. "ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC." Songs by Gene Buck and Dave Stamper. Produced on January 24th with this cast:

Oscar Shaw, Miss Slater, Miss Morries, Miss M. Carmen, Miss Koffe, Miss Lewis, Miss Leslie, Miss Cassidy, Miss St. Clair, Miss Thomas, The Dolly Sisters, Marion Harris, Genevieve Warner, Will Rogers, Sybil Carmen, Marion Harris, Paul Frawley, Mlle. Odette Myrtil, Paul Gordon, Allyn King.

"Florenz Ziegfeld is a wizard." "How does he do it?" are some of the remarks heard nightly on the roof of the New Amsterdam Theatre. The New Midnight Frolic is a feast for the eyes and is delightfully artistic. The stage setting of Joseph Urban is a fitting background for the beautiful girls and the costumes are the latest products of the modiste's art. Among the players that are applauded are the Dolly Sisters, Will Rogers, Odette Myrtil, Oscar Shaw and Paul Frawley. Needless to say that the roof is packed nightly by New York élite. (*Continued on page* 164)

A Testimonial to Mr. William Winter

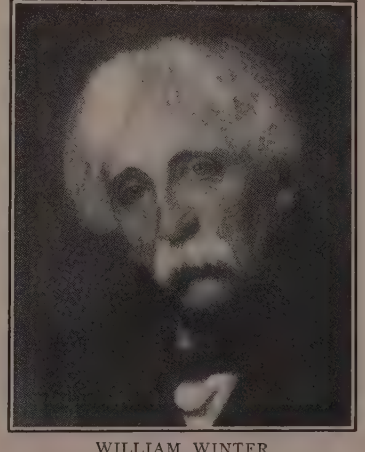
FOR years, when a first night at a local theatre meant something more than at present, in the way of a gathering of women and men distinguished in society, politics, art, and literature met together for the purpose of passing judgment on play and player, no occasion of any prominence lacked the presence of a slim, gracious personality topped with a mass of touseled iron gray hair, since turned to soft silver. Alert searching eyes gleamed from beneath eyebrows of bushy inquiry. A delicate moustache drooped over a sensitive mouth. The effect was the make-up of a gentle, intellectual individuality, all too rare in these days of material shock and strain.

Such was William Winter, poet, journalist, critic, Shakespearean scholar, who for forty-four consecutive years acted as dramatic critic for the New York *Tribune*. Since he severed his connection with that paper, he has still continued to write on his beloved subject, the drama, not a single performer of either promise or achievement but has passed through the alembic of his rare penetrative and keenly appreciative powers of analysis. From his prolific, graceful pen have come sympathetic appreciation, discriminating criticism, profound analysis, and graphic picturings of the means and methods by which the players of the past take their respective niches in Melpomene's hall of fame. And to this splendid contribution of historical moment a grateful public must further evince its thanks that this record is couched in English, exquisite, apt, impeccable.

Born at Worcester, Mass., in 1836, Mr. Winter is now in his eightieth year. To honor the declining days of this many sided man, the men and women of the stage and those who write for it, together with some of its representative patrons will tender to this Dean of American dramatic literature a monster testimonial of their love and reverence.

A short time ago, a letter was sent to Mr. Winter, of which the following is a part:

"The signers of this letter (and many others, who await only a word to join them) are earnestly wishful to express, in some special and lasting manner, the great admiration, respect and regard which they feel for you—the honored veteran of our Literature, the Critic, Journalist, Scholar and Poet, who has so long and so nobly labored for the dignity and purity of our letters and our drama and for the good of the theatre and the public.



WILLIAM WINTER
Dean of American dramatic critics

"Your career, sir, has been unique. It is fitting that it should be crowned with a unique work of approval, no less as an encouragement to others than as a tribute to you. Eminent men and women have expressed their sympathy and promised their support in the testimonial which has been organized."

Among others, the letter was signed by President Wilson, Joseph H. Choate, Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas A. Edison, John Hays Hammond, Augustus Thomas, Percy MacKaye, John Burroughs, John Philip Sousa, General Charles F. Roe, Oswald G. Villard, George J. Gould, David Bispham and a large number of prominent theatrical persons.

To this letter Mr. Winter returned a reply which reads, in part:

"I have never received a letter which has so amazed and agitated me as that which I now answer. I have worked hard and long in the endeavor to add to the literature of our country something worthy of survival and to be of some service to my time. I should indeed be insensible if I did not recognize and deeply appreciate the motive of the testimonial, and I do accept it in the spirit in which it is tendered and with profound gratitude that it has been my fortune to inspire such a spirit and to receive such a tribute."

The testimonial will be given at the Century Theatre on March 7th next, and it will be of a dramatic kind. Scores of well-known players, including Otis Skinner, Viola Allen, James K. Hackett, Margaret Anglin, have already volunteered their services. The executive manager will be W. A. Brady; Treasurer, Walter Price; General Stage Director, David Belasco; Assistants, Ira Hands and Stuart Walker. E. F. C.

Society and Stage in a Suffragette Operetta

FRANCES ALDA

Sarony

MARIE DORO

White

EMMY WEHLEN

ON February eighteenth, at the Waldorf Astoria, society and the stage met at the performance of an operetta on the subject of woman suffrage. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is the author of the piece "Melinda and Her Sisters." Miss Elsa Maxwell, a California girl who has met success in London as a writer of musical sketches, was the composer.

The operetta is a satire on society. That it was written by Mrs. Belmont, who was born in the exclusive set of American society, and who has retained that position; besides having formed enviable foreign European associations through the marriage of her daughter, Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough, gave it the force of authority. The exclusive set was present to laugh at the thrusts sung and spoken. Mrs. Belmont calculated well its effect upon her audience. It was as Mrs. Burton Harrison, society's novelist, often said, quite safe to administer a blow, for each present thought the quip was intended for his or her neighbor and accordingly laughed with unsuspecting heartiness.

The scene is laid in Oshkosh. Mrs. John Pepper, socially ambitious, had sent her daughters to Europe to acquire accomplishments. Mrs. Grundy explained the status of the characters. Thus Mrs. Belmont through Mrs. Grundy and Mrs. Malaprop.

Mrs. Grundy: "Yes, Nellie, Annie, Dolly, Polly, Molly, Bessie and Betty Pepper are returning to-day from their finishing schools abroad. Nellie they have called Euphonia. Just what that means I don't know. But she is supposed to be a great dancer, and Annie they have called Sympharosa. She is supposed to be able to strike high C every time she sings. Then there's Dolly who has been in Paris, studying to be a second Bernhardt. They call her Iphegenia. Polly they have called Orchesteria. They say she looks just like Mrs. Castle and dances better too. Molly Pepper they call Atalanta. It's about some Greek woman who lost a race running for a street car or something like that. They say she plays a good game of golf, can swim across the Mediterranean, and is versatile in the latest profanity. She's been at Newport. Bessie Pepper they call Ariadne. She's going to shine in musical comedy, and Betty Pepper writes wonderful poems. They are so wonderful that they never get published. They call her Sapho but I think it's hardly proper."

Mrs. Malaprop: "Where is Melinda. Has she no talents to cultivate like her sisters?"

Photo Campbell

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT AND MISS ELSA MAXWELL, AUTHORS OF "MELINDA AND HER SISTERS"

Mrs. Grundy: "Hush! They don't mention Melinda nowadays. She is the skeleton in the Pepper closet. There's a great mystery about her."

The mystery is solved when Melinda interrupts the levee on her father's lawn by marshalling there a little army of suffragettes. Her arguments, demolishing the anti-suffrage doctrines advanced by Dr. Dolittle and Mayor Doless, constitute the climax of the operetta.

The arguments are sound and the sallies against society amusing. These and kindred lines caused good humored laughter.

Mrs. Grundy: "The trouble that the moneyed classes are causing us is simply terrible. Take these Peppers. Who was John Pepper? A nobody, and then one day he found out that glue was good to stick things with, and he has stuck ever since. Now we have to receive them into our holy of holies, along with his stuck-up wife, all because of glue."

Mrs. Malaprop: "Well, my dear, there's one consolation. If it hadn't been glue it would have been something equally as sticky. Look how far jam has taken some people, and marmalade has left a wonderful cache to various family trees."

Mrs. Grundy: "Whetina has a certain social significance but it's strange how even industries change. Really marriage is the only industry which never goes out of date. I don't see how the Peppers got on and I don't think her hair is as honest as she says."

Mrs. Malaprop: "Never believe what a woman's hair says. It is notoriously untruthful."

Mrs. Grundy: "No, but hair covers a multitude of sins. They say in New York women can have their hair any color they wish as long as it suits the color of the dog they're wearing."

Mrs. Malaprop: "People don't wear dogs. They carry them."

Mrs. Grundy: "Not in New York. Everything is worn there. They even wear their motor cars when they go out calling."

Mrs. Malaprop: "I do wish I knew who had accepted and who refused."

Mrs. Grundy: "You are quite right, my dear. One can never be too careful about acceptances. People are inclined to accept far too many things when it's a question of the honest though rich."

Mrs. Malaprop: "And an unnecessarily large amount of refusals when its a question of the deserving, but dishonest poor."

Mrs. Grundy: "Why did you consent to honor the Peppers with your presence to-day?"

"For the same reason you did, my dear."

(Both) "Curiosity."

(*Continued on page* 180)

Campbell

DOROTHY F. GORDON

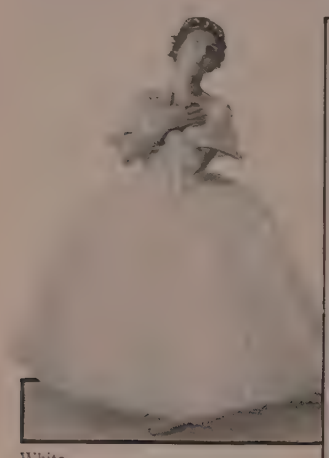
Dupont

EILEEN SEDGWICK

IDALIA IDE

SOCIETY WOMEN AND A WELL-KNOWN SINGER WHO TOOK PART IN THE SUFFRAGETTE OPERETTA

NEW YORK SEES DIAGHILEFF'S BALLET RUSSE



White
Lydia Lopokova
in "Les Sylphides"

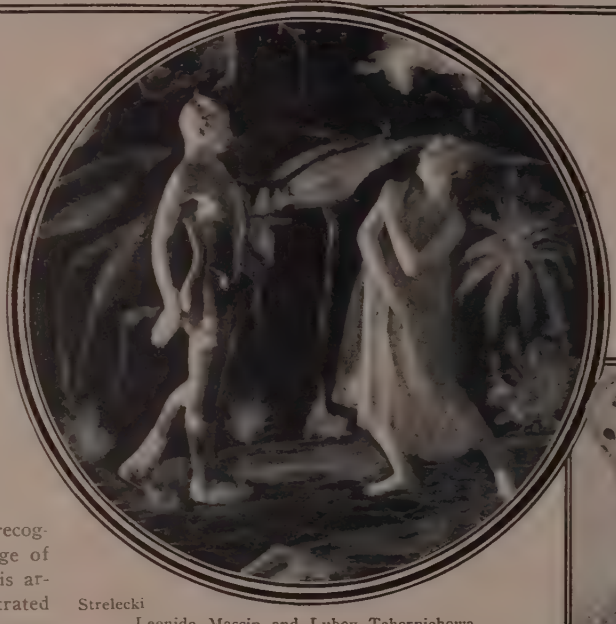
Photo Strelecki
The Nymphs in Debussy's "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune"

White
Maclezowa and Bolm
in "La Princesse Enchantée"

THE Russian Ballet, the mysteries of Bakst and the futuristic music of Stravinsky are no longer vagaries in the mind of the American public. The long heralded visit of M. Diaghileff's world famous organization has been accomplished after five years of phenomenal success on the stages of European capitals.

Under present circumstances and in consideration of other difficulties which are not easily adjusted even during pacific times it is unfair to render a judgment of the company's current performances with those given abroad as a basis of comparison. The average American knows nothing of what Nijinsky, Fokine and Karsavina may have contributed to the popularity of the Ballet in the past and their connection in any review of the performances seen in this country is irrelevant. The three things which demand consideration here are the dancing, music and decoration. Ordinarily the last is a small feature in our theatrical enterprises, but the art of Bakst is a power which forces recognition and upon which much of the prestige of the Ballet is founded. The influence of this artist in the field of design has already penetrated every art centre in America, and for this reason alone the freshest impression of his concentrated work is not received. His work comes to us less as a novelty than it would have ten years ago.

Primarily the appeal of the Russian Ballet is to the eye. The richness and splendor of the Orient is intensified, the formality of court life becomes impressive and the complete and full tone of the spectrum is employed to sensualize the provincial life of Russia. We are carried through the state of exotic adulation with the prize slave of the harem, suffer the sentimental pangs of adolescent love and leap to the skies with the very joy of life at the sight of the midnight sun. Fairyland and romanticism become real to us.



Strelecki
Leonide Massin and Lubov Tchernichowa
in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune"

The dance, as employed in the various ballets, is not consistent as the expression of any definite school of technique. We see the Greek movements, the Egyptian, the classic Italian "sur les pointes," the sensuous rhythm of Oriental dancing and the spontaneity of character and folk dancing all represented and in strict adherence with the theme involved. As representative they possibly disarm criticism. However, the retention of toe dancing as an integral feature of a revolutionary movement is without justification. Its artificiality not only destroys the dancer's freedom of expression but simultaneously the rhythmic beauty of the natural lines in the human figure.

The work of Leon Bakst and his colleagues evidences a fertile imagination and startling ingenuity. Our first impression records a remarkable and intelligent use of color with no other significance than the definition of form. Later our appreciation includes this same principle in its application to line and space design. The stage lighting is ineffective and fails to produce the necessary relation for unity of effect. The decoration in many of the ballets fails to adequately meet the requirements of the spirit in which the music is written. The two examples which most clearly attain the ideal relationship between the arts are "Soleil de Nuit" and "Petrouchka."

White
Lubov Tchernichowa
in "L'Oiseau de Feu"

Aside from the physical perfection of the orchestra we are indebted to the Russian Ballet for the introduction and exposition of Stravinsky's music. With the exception of Debussy and Stravinsky the other composers whose works have been adapted are universally known. In "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" Debussy has written a fantaisie, beautifully adjusted, but lacking the vitality which tempts us to call Stravinsky an "imaginative realist." He is a criterion by which we may predict a future for the Russian Ballet of M. Diaghileff. Parenthetically we may speak of Leonide Massin in the same spirit as the *premier danseur* of the troupe, and the most fitting exponent of Stravinsky.

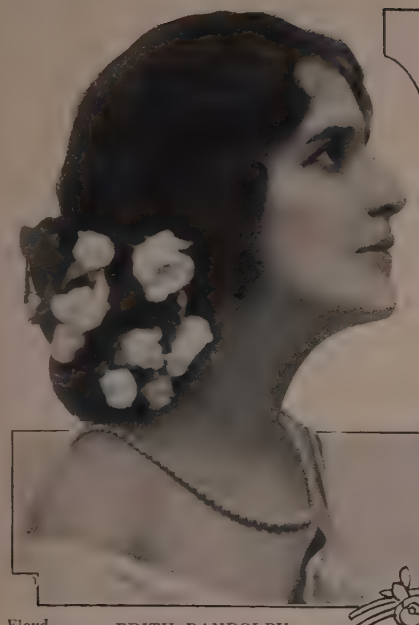
At the close of their first New York engagement ten ballets had been presented, including two innovations since the last European season, "La Princesse Enchantée" by Tchaikovsky, and "Soleil de Nuit" by Balakireff. The others were as follows: "Les Sylphides" by Chopin, "Schéhérazade" by Rimsky-Korsakow, "Prince Igor" by Borodine.

(*Continued on page* 164)

White
Ladies of the Harem in "Schéhérazade"

In the Spotlight

Players Who Have Made Individual Hits In Recent New York Productions



Floyd

EDITH RANDOLPH
in "The Weavers"

White

KATHLENE McDONELL
in "The Pride of Race"

Floyd

MADELINE DELMAR
in "Erstwhile Susan"

Edith Randolph

AN emotional outburst of a weaver's wife against the oppression that had chained her and her family, half starved, to their hovel, was one of the most vivid spots in the dramatic fibre of Hauptmann's play, "The Weavers," at the Garden Theatre. Although the part was what actors know as a "bit," it flamed with intensity and captured and held the audience by its force as Edith Randolph played it. Miss Randolph is classified as an English actress, but the United States can prove its claim to her. She was born in Chicago and it was not until she had reached young womanhood that she accompanied her family to London. Her first stage experience was gained under Sir Charles Wyndham's direction. London knew her as a member of the Criterion Theatre Company and for a successful engagement with William Greet at the Drury Lane Theatre. She married and temporarily retired from the stage. Joining N. C. Goodwin's company, she later proved her possession of the quality of being equal to emergencies by preparing in half an hour for the exacting rôle played by Beverly Sitgreaves, who had been suddenly incapacitated by an accident. She was with Mr. Emanuel Reicher's company last season, appearing in "Elga," and did important work with the Bramhall Players.

* * *

Kathlene McDonell

A RED haired, sensitive faced girl, whom her friends dare to address as "Sandy," played a big part in a big way in "The Pride of Race." Hers was the difficult task to impersonate a young girl of delicate rearing—and in that region in which delicate sensibilities are a premium, the South—who married a man in whom a trace of negro blood persisted, the trace emphasizing itself in their new born child. It required tact, skill, dramatic intelligence and dramatic intensity to portray such character without offense and with sincerity. Possessing the first Miss McDonell achieved the second. She is of Scotch-Irish descent and was born in Canada. She played in stock companies of Toronto, Milwaukee and Philadelphia. It was while in Philadelphia and praying despairingly to the arbiters of dramatic fates for release from stock company thrall, that she secured an engagement with Mrs. Fiske for "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh." While on tour with that comedy Mr. Fiske rehearsed and briefly played Gertrude Atherton's "Julia France." The play gave her an opportunity for a variety of presentation. Mrs. Fiske said to her: "Don't waste your time on ingénue parts any more. Get after the big things." Which advice Miss McDonell has followed.

* * *

Frank Bacon

THERE was the flavor of fine old wine in the performance of Primrose in "The Cinderella Man." It has the touch, sure and firm, of authority, yet the delicacy of perception of the artist. Frank Bacon seemed not to act, but to be, the gentle lovable bit of human wreckage we see in the attic in the Carpenter play. In his native State, California, they know him as one of the "Coast Defenders." He began his wrestle with the world as a newspaperman, but forsook journalism for the footlights. His initial efforts were with a touring repertoire company. His first appearance in San Francisco was in the Grand Opera House under the Morosco management. Senator Judson Brusie had written a play for the young actor and it was at a Sacramento performance of it that Mr. Morosco saw it and arranged to produce it in the city of the Golden Gate. For twenty years Mr. Bacon was in stock companies in San Francisco. He was satisfied with his local fame and would have been content to remain there had he not been shaken out of his comfortable berth by the earthquake. He entered vaudeville. By that route he reached New York. Cohan and Harris engaged him for the part of Huggins in "The Miracle Man." He has served the motion picture art and was withdrawn from it to create old Primrose in "The Cinderella Man."

Bangs

FRANK BACON
in "The
Cinderella Man"

ORLANDO DALY
in "David Garrick"

Sarony

GERALDINE O'BRIEN
in "The Devil's Garden"

Orlando Daly

BRILLIANTLY played was Squire Chivey in "David Garrick" in the recent engagement of E. H. Sothern at the Booth Theatre. It was played by one who knows his book. The surmise proved correct. Orlando Daly is an Englishman and was a soldier before he became an actor. He was a lieutenant in His Majesty's service. He resigned his commission to become an actor. His début was made with George Rignold in His Majesty's Theatre in Sydney, the play being "The Lights of London." He became a member of the celebrated Brough and Boucicault Comedy Company, going to London with Mr. Brough after a long tour through the East. His first London appearance was under Charles Frohman's management at the Criterion Theatre in "Billie's Little Love Affair." Successively he was with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Langtry, playing Cayley Drummle in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and Touchstone in "As You Like It." Under James K. Hackett's management he made his first appearance in America as "The General" in "The Little Stranger." He supported Ethel Barrymore in "Lady Frederick" and Alla Nazimova in "A Doll's House" as Dr. Rank. He was May Irwin's leading man in "A Widow by Proxy."

* * *

Madeline Delmar

BARNABETTA, crushed, repressed, frightened, yet making furtive, desperate preparations to end her wretched life in the neighboring pond, is an exacting rôle in the play of life among the plain people, "Erstwhile Susan." It is played in exacting circumstances, for to act opposite the woman recognized as the greatest of American actresses is by way of comparison stultifying unless one has a big brain, big soul and big ideals. Of the possession of all these I suspect Madeline Delmar. Her performance in the grim comedy at the Gaiety Theatre proves it. New York first saw Madeline Delmar in the leading feminine rôle in "The Conspiracy," a play by John Emerson which several years ago had a long run at the Garrick, one of the last long runs of that historic house before its changed fortunes. That dim land, "The Road," saw her as the leading woman of "More Sinned Against Than Usual" and as Emily in "David Copperfield." Preceding, and interspersed with, these productions were thorough school going experiences with the Coleman Players, a stock company at Rochester, the Teck Theatre in Buffalo, and the Prospect Theatre in New York

* * *

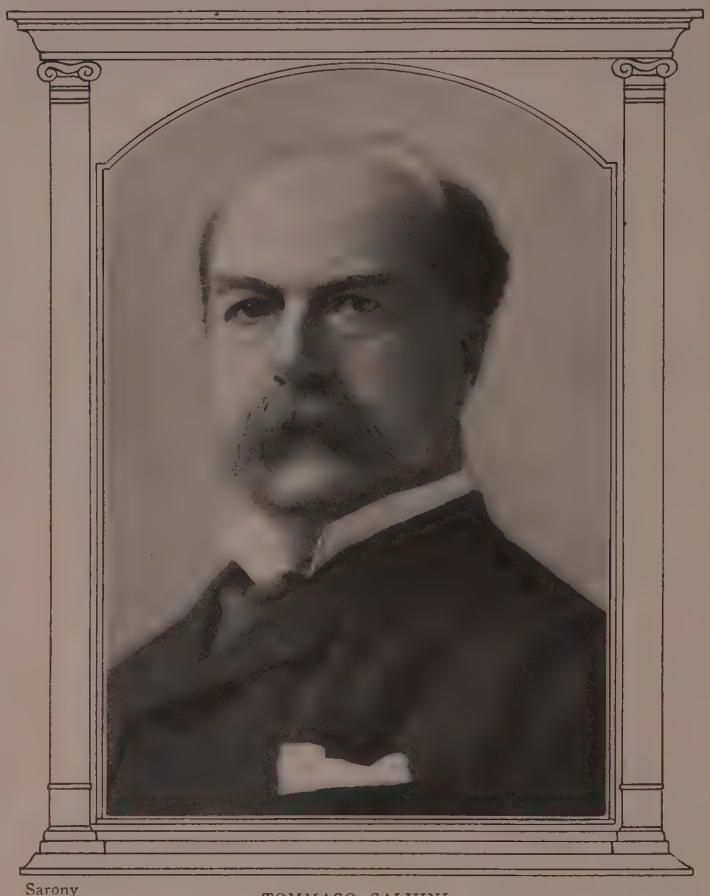
Geraldine O'Brien

THE gipsy waif, with the wildly pulsing blood of her wandering forbears pulsing in her veins, and bidding her defy every law save that of her own will, Norah, the woman Ishmael of "The Devil's Garden," had not been on the stage five minutes before the audience recognized in her a new and strong dramatic force. The part was as boldly played as conceived. The player, Geraldine O'Brien, has an audacious mind and is by instinct an actress. She began her stage career at the age of seventeen when she became the utility woman of a stock company at Baltimore, for five dollars a week. A few months later she played a maid and was general understudy in "The Country Boy," at a considerable advance of salary. She joined the "Excuse Me" company. Her salary continued to ascend. She was Sylvia in "Sylvia Runs Away" following Alice Brady in that rôle at the Playhouse. George M. Cohan discovered in this girl while she was playing Mary Holmes in his dramatization of "The Miracle Man" an unusual quality. It was naturalness raised, so to speak, to the bursting degree. She played Mary Holmes with such high power humanness that Mr. Cohan watching her at rehearsal, remarked in his characteristic nasal tone: "That one's a comer." Hearing which Miss O'Brien, known in the company simply as "Gerrie," said: "I am glad to be praised by the miracle man of the theatre, for that is what he is." Although her experience has been brief—it has being restricted to five plays.

MEMORIES · OF · SALVINI

By·Robert·Underwood·Johnson

TOMMASO SALVINI, who died in Florence on the first of January, his birthday, at the age of eighty-seven, was without doubt, the greatest actor of his time; he was possibly the greatest actor of all time. I cannot conceive of anyone with more ability to express the co-efficient of every human emotion with unmistakable and definitive excellence. He has been criticised, notably by Mr. William Winter, because he did not present what may be called Anglo-Saxon interpretations of Shakespearean characters; but whatever his interpretation, nobody was ever in doubt about it, for the precision and profundity of his expression made it translucent. He sounded the whole gamut of human feeling—love, jealousy, anger, eloquence, tenderness, humor, nobility, old age. gaiety, and every other conceivable trait, quality or attitude. His portrayals of death had great variety, realism and dramatic value. He utilized picturesqueness to the full, always elevating it from a trivial embellishment to the height of great style. With enormous resourcefulness on the physical and emotional side, he produced his effects intellectually, with carefully studied and artfully concealed purpose.



Sarony

TOMMASO SALVINI
Italy's famous tragedian and the greatest actor of his time

With due respect to Mr. Winter, I do not believe it should be considered a defect in Salvini's art that he saw Shakespearean characters through the medium of his personal or national temperament. The greatness of Shakespeare seems to me to be enhanced by the fact that the Hamlet of Salvini was not the Hamlet of Kean or Macready or Fechter or Booth. The very variety of these interpretations is a tribute to the cosmopolitan range of the poet's genius. Indeed, if conformity to a given conception is to be the test, some of our own artists must be wrong in the interpretation of Hamlet, since I fancy no two actors of the first order, even of the same country and race, have played the melancholy Dane alike.

Salvini's Hamlet, though it strained the loyalty of some of his warmest admirers, was not without distinguished defenders. Robert Browning said that in it "the entire lyre of tragedy sounded magnificently." George Henry Lewes, on first seeing it, thought it lacked on the metaphysical side but said: "Of all the Hamlets I have ever seen Salvini's is the least disappointing. Of all that I have seen it has the greatest excellences." Theodore Tilton in an article entitled "Salvini Restoring the Lost Hamlet," held that the Italian expressed as no other had done the cataclysm of fate that is the essence of that eternal tragedy, in which no personage obtains anything he desires.

Salvini's conception of the chief motive of the play was "the predominance of thought over action." Tilton thought the Prince was not a man incapable of action but one who must have reasonable ground for this action. This Salvini set forth in the episode of the Players. I recall the thrilling "business" by which he accentuated the effect upon his mother and the king by the glee with which, lying at Ophelia's feet, he followed the action in a crescendo of emotion to the climax of their confounding, calling out triumphantly, throwing into the air the sheets of manuscript he had been holding and falling upon the neck of Horatio. It may have been un-Shakespearean, but it lives in my memory with the incomparable scenes in "Othello." But, however one may criticise or approve Salvini's departure from tradition, certainly we can only admire the extraordinary imagination and suggestiveness that ran through his work, and which, by the invention of apparently the slightest incident, revealed to the audience the masterly conception of an artist.

My acquaintance, I may say friendship, with Salvini began at "the Studio," as it was called. of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, at 103 East 15th Street, New York—a salon of the most informal sort, but one which in distinction and good talk has hardly been equaled in this country. My wife and I met him many times there and in our own home and in his, and several times at the house of our common friend, Signor Achille Errani, a distinguished maëstro of New York who in 1849 had fought side by side with Salvini as a Garibaldian in the defense of Rome, and who numbered among his pupils Minna Hauk, Emma Thursby and other well-known singers.

GUSTAVO SALVINI
Son of the tragedian and to-day the most distinguished male actor of the contemporary Italian Theatre.

My first thought upon seeing Salvini was one of surprise that he was not taller. His art upon the stage was such as to give him the impression of majesty that we associate with height. He was a man of large body and arms and of a noble head, and his geniality, frankness and simplicity—for he was without affectation—were very winning. Like most great men his force was shown largely in his eye, which captured the attention at once by its depth, beauty and vitality. On the stage the mobility of his face and the effectiveness of his gestures were astonishing.

But his most notable personal feature was his voice. When Jean de Reszke said of Caruso's voice that we should probably not hear another like it in a lifetime, he was thinking of the lyrical rather than the purely dramatic stage. I have never heard from anyone a speaking voice of such power, mellowness, suavity, range, flexibility and dramatic expressiveness as Salvini's. I can only say that it seemed more than adequate to any character he portrayed. It was a wonderful organ, upon which he was able to play at will. One friend of mine says: "It had the resonance of a dome. I have never heard anything like its full, rich vibrations except those of a Japanese temple bell." Lewes said: "In the three great elements of expression, tone, timbre and rhythm, Salvini is the greatest speaker I have heard."

Who that heard it can forget the address in 'Othello" to the Council of Ten, when in response to their summons, after a carefully calculated delay, Salvini made his appearance, the embodiment of noble courtesy, capturing his audience by the sonority of his *"Potente, grave e reverende Signori."* In this scene it would be difficult to say which gave him more dignity, the self-respect of his stately port or the richness of his deep tones, full of tenderness, frankness and reasonableness. Again and again throughout this rôle the voice of Salvini gave the key-note of the action, so that a blind man might have followed it with intelligence. On the other hand, he so visualized the Moor that a deaf man might have caught the essential details. When, also, it is borne in mind that the text was in a foreign tongue the wonder of his success was the measure of his genius. How the details of the part linger in the memory—the fury of anger in the scene in Cyprus, the "temptation scene" with Iago when he almost tramples him, the very disarrangement of the table cover under his hand to express the working of jealousy, and the dragging stride in the scene before the murder of Desdemona! The whole impersonation was as vivid and memorable as a gradual and fearful

eruption of Vesuvius. It was perhaps the most impressive rôle ever seen upon the stage.

One of his greatest triumphs was the "Morte Civile," in which he portrays the simple but subtle part of Conrad, the escaped convict. He said he liked this best of all his rôles and that he enjoyed in it, as in no other, seeing the effect upon the audience. One remembers the impression of fear with which he sidles into the room at first, and sits on the edge of a chair, a shriveled figure of despair, and the last great scene when he recognizes his daughter and, about to embrace her, falls forward, dead. It was the most pathetic scene I have ever witnessed in the theatre.

Contrast with this the skill in comedy which he displayed in his David Garrick (or Sullivan, as it was called in his version). He did not play it during his first tour in this country and was only moved to do so by having witnessed the impersonation of the elder Sothern, who, as I remember, in the drunken scene in the drawing room, played it grotesquely, repeatedly striking the aigrette of one of the ladies. Salvini gave it with the avowed purpose of showing his conception of the behavior of a gentleman even when intoxicated, divesting the part of every trace of vulgarity without losing its effect upon the refined young woman whom he was trying to disillusionize.

Of his other rôles, that of Lear remains in the mind as one of terrible pathos and power, the Gladiator as one of unrelieved tragedy, and Macbeth as novel and stimulating. One of the greatest in conception, Samson, was, I think, the least successful of all, the sublime making a sudden descent to the ridiculous in the fall of the temple of Dagon, which was so clumsily managed as to cause a humorous effect that set its seal on the whole performance. But Salvini's narrative of the fight with the lion was a masterpiece.

Artistically, he was the most exacting of men. He said: "I have never had a more severe critic than myself in matters pertaining to my art." He applied the same standard to others. I remember one evening at the Gilders' when his son, Alexander, a romantic actor, also was present, and the question of the talent of the young man arose between Salvini and the hostess. The son's back was turned to the two when Mrs. Gilder asked the father whether Alexander was going to make a good actor. I can remember the very expression on Salvini's face as he said, in such a tone that Alexander could hear it: "Si, si, Signora," at the same time shaking his head with a decided negative. While he adored Alexander personally, he had not much regard for his talent, but he would not let him know that he was unsympathetic. The career of this son was terminated within a few years by death.

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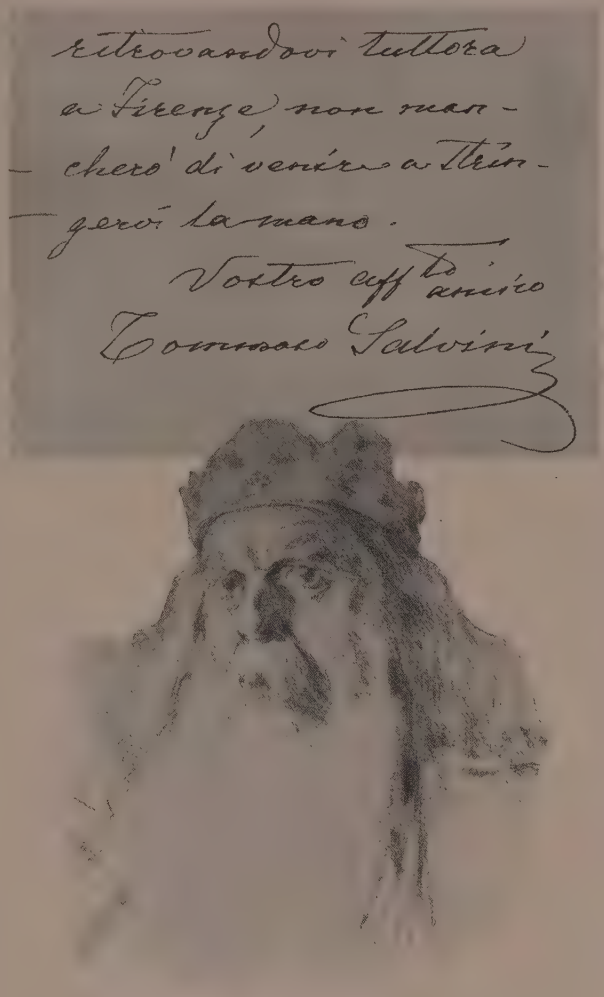
SALVINI AS OTHELLO
From a drawing by Blum

Salvini also opposed the entrance upon the stage of a really fine actor, his son Gustavo. In both these instances I believe that it was not because he had any jealousy of the son but because he did not wish that the name of Salvini should be associated upon the stage with anything less than the best. However this may be, it was at his father's instance that, for a while, Gustavo renounced his ambition and took to some uncongenial work, but later, the lure of the stage becoming too strong for him, he went back to it and has since become the most distinguished male actor of the contemporary Italian theatre. For a long while after this had become evident to the public, Salvini would not go to see Gustavo act, but finally the family persuaded him to see him in the rôle of Œdipus the King. Professor Mario Salvini, another son, who was deeply interested in their artistic *rapprochement*, told me that at this performance he watched every expression of his father's from the beginning to the end of the play, and soon became certain that Gustavo had won the veteran's good opinion. After the play was over Salvini congratulated his son very heartily and said: "You have done things as Œdipus which it would have been impossible for me to achieve." After that Salvini, although he had retired from the stage on his own account, played more than one series of engagements throughout Italy in support of Gustavo, or in collaboration with him, as a personal and artistic *amende*, I am convinced.



Part of an autograph letter written by Salvini to his friend Mrs. Achille Errani

(Inset) © The Century Magazine
SALVINI AS KING LEAR
After the drawing from life by John W. Alexander

In 1906, when Mrs. Johnson and I were in Italy, we fell to discussing with Salvini his son's talent and the chance of his coming to America. He said that Gustavo felt that he could not come without first making a London success. I assured him that this was no longer necessary—that Signora Duse had not required any such introduction to America, but had almost instantaneously won her own way with the intellectual class, who gave popular *cachet* to her work. He told me that he regarded Gustavo as one of the most intelligent actors he had ever known, and said with pride: "He knows more about all the characters he represents than I ever thought of knowing of any one of them. There is in his acting, perhaps, a little excess—a little extravagance," he said, "but that is a good fault and can easily be remedied." He said he much preferred Gustavo's Œdipus to that of Mounet-Sully, which he had seen at the Français, and, while, complimenting the French actor for his finish and his general excellence, said of this classic rôle: "Il ne le joue pas, il le chante" ("He does not play it, he sings it").

He then told me that about a fortnight from that time he was going to Leghorn to play with Gustavo in Alfieri's "Oreste," taking himself the part of Pylade. I told him that I should certainly be there. "Oh, no," he said, "don't take the trouble to come down. It is a sort of Bowery play." But I knew that that would probably be my last opportunity to see Salvini on the stage, and, as it was also my first to see Gustavo and my only chance to see them together, it seemed an event greatly worth while.

So, on the day of the performance, I went down to Leghorn, secured my seat for the evening, and, finding that I had selected the hotel at which Salvini was staying, I sent my card to him, reminding him of my promise to be present. He responded with a card of admittance to the performance and a request to take supper with him after it was over.

Arriving at the theatre, I was astonished to find that while the galleries and the parquet circle of the very large auditorium were virtually filled, there was but a scattering of spectators in the orchestra. This gave a dreary appearance to the house and I wondered what effect it would have upon the performance, but I soon saw that the actors had the conscientiousness of their ideal and that they would have played as well to one spectator as to a thousand. Salvini, in his autobiography, speaks of art as his "second mother," and his loyalty to it was supreme. The predominant and lasting impression of the play was to me that of a great actor who so respected the artistic totality of the performance that he was willing to subordinate himself to an associate of less ability.

In the first act, Oreste, played by the younger Salvini, had the scene very much to himself—his friend, Pylade, played by the father, seeming rather an observer than an actor. About the middle of the second act, however, occurred a great scene in which, for the first time, Salvini seemed to me to kindle again the tragic fires of his best days. It is the scene in which Pylade sets forth

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SALVINI AS MACBETH
From a drawing by Blum

to his companion his duty to avenge the murder of his father. I remember particularly how Salvini, clad in a tunic of a simple character and color, short at the knees and the shoulders, at the close of the appeal to Oreste, gave a vivid and characteristic gesture, throwing down his bare arms to their full length, and as he did so opening the fists with the palms forward, and then moving his hands away from the body with an expression of conclusiveness to all argument. From this time on Pylade assumed a leading part of the drama, and throughout Salvini showed great force and suggestiveness. That I had not been able to follow every scene textually did not interfere with the general impression of tragic effect.

As for Gustavo, I shall never forget his remarkable achievement in the scene in which Oreste is pursued by the Furies. With bent knees and with hands raised he stamped across the full diagonal of the stage, looking back over his shoulder with an intense expression of terror that conveyed a reality which I have never seen equaled by anyone but his father. It is much to be hoped that before long America may have the opportunity of seeing this fine actor.

In March, 1892, when we were in Florence, Salvini invited Mrs. Johnson and myself to dine with him at his home in the Via Gino Capponi, a charming villa in the newer quarter of the city, then filled with memorabilia of his triumphs in every part of Europe and America—relics, I regret to say, most of which were afterward destroyed by fire. Salvini had a distaste for wearing evening dress; and in the invitation to us, he added the injunction to me, "Sans cravate blanche." I hesitated whether to take him at his word, but finally, considering a request of this kind from a host as equivalent to a command, I went in my afternoon habit, only to find that, with the exception of Salvini and myself, all were in full dress. After dinner the adult members of his family, who had not been present, came in to greet us, and after a little talk in the drawing room, the suggestion was made to Salvini that he should recite for us a poem on Columbus, written by a young Venetian, as he told us. Without reluctance he began. The poem, in perhaps one hundred and fifty or two hundred lines, recounted the life of the explorer, which Salvini portrayed with the greatest vividness. We saw him shading his eyes with his hands as he discovered the new world, and shortly afterward dropping upon his knees and touching his head to the ground. That Salvini could produce so vivid an effect in a frock coat and in such a setting, will seem strange only to one who did not know his overpowering method. The poem continued with other instances in the career of Columbus and finally closed with his death, which Salvini indicated to the imagination by a single sweeping gesture of his hand in front of him, as though he were closing a curtain; in fact, his son told me, when he recited this poem on the stage the curtain actually was closed by him in this way.

The recital made such an impression upon us that on leaving, we said to each other that Salvini ought to be invited to give it at the Columbian Exposition—the managers of which were then occupied in arranging a large and important dramatic program which was to have enlisted the company of the Comédie Française, the Meiningen Players, Mr. Irving and Miss Terry and other distinguished actors. What, we said to each other, could be more appropriate to the Columbian Exposition than a poem of this sort on the life of Columbus written by an Italian and recited by the greatest tragic actor of our time, also a countryman of the explorer?

The next morning I hunted up a representative of the Chicago Committee of Management who was staying at our hotel, and made the suggestion to him that this should be included as part of the exercises of the Exposition. He fell in with it cordially and conveyed it to Chicago, but at that time the program for other events of a literary character was so extensive that it did not seem practicable to add to it.

Campbell Studio

YVONNE GARRICK

One of the leading comediennes of the Paris stage who scored a pronounced success at the French Theatre, New York, in "Mon Ami Teddy." She made her début at the Odeon under Antoine, and for the last four years has been a member of the Comédie Française. Inasmuch as Mlle. Garrick is a remarkable English scholar no doubt she will be app'auded on the American stage before long.

Of course I never told Salvini of this sequel to our experience of that evening, which remains in my memory as one of the notable scenes in his career, so far as I saw him on the stage—perhaps because there was a maximum of effect with a minimum of means.

Salvini, received everywhere in Europe as a prince of the stage, was not without great honors in America. In Washington when he appeared, by invitation, on the floor of the House of Representatives, the members rose and gave him a reception that accorded with his rank as an actor. On the 26th of April, 1883, a great complimentary banquet was given to him in New York, "as a tribute of respect and admiration for his pre-eminent genius as an artist, and especially for his masterly interpretations of Shakespeare." Joseph H. Choate, Esq., presided in his happiest humor and to his greeting to the guest, "as the acknowledged master of his profession," Salvini responded in Italian in slow, sonorous sentences that showed much feeling and revealed him as a supreme orator. The translation which followed was hardly needed. Among the other speakers were Robert Collyer, Charles Dudley Warner, E. L. Godkin, and Ludwig Barnay (who spoke of Salvini as "the guide, the rule, the king of actors"), and letters were read from President Arthur, General Sherman, Lawrence Barrett and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who quoted as appropriate to Salvini's power of expression the line,

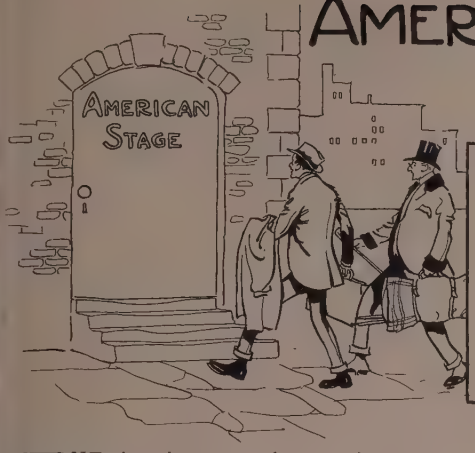
"That you might almost
say his body thought."

The participants included Saint-Gaudens, Lounsbury, Gilder, John Boyle O'Reilly, Frank D. Millet, Olin L. Warner and Hopkinson Smith, besides many persons still living, to whom the memory of the thrilling occasion is imperishable. "This it is to have a name in great men's fellowship."

One thing is likely to outlast the visualization of Salvini as an actor, his unpretentious, all too meagre volume of memoirs. Besides being the record of his career, it is a text-book of gentlemanliness. Every actor should know it by heart. It has a fine note of humility, that Cinderella of the virtues. It shows him frank, high-minded, and generous, unembittered by criticism and unspoiled by praise, too great for envy and too kind for rancor. His Art was his supreme arbiter, but it made him not less but more of a man. About all that he did there was a certain elegance of conduct, nothing petty or snobbish or pretentious. In these days of vulgar disregard of manners his memoirs may well be treasured not only as the most authentic pronouncement on his art, but as the revelation of a rare and noble nature.

AMERICAN versus ENGLISH ACTORS

BY ALAN DALE



The American actor has a grievance. It lurks in the tremendous invasion of his realm by his English brother. This invasion is not a figment of the imagination. It is real; it is big; it is portentous.

THE American actor has a grievance—one lively enough to prevent the stagnation that comes from bovine beatitude. It isn't precisely a new grievance, but rather the abnormal development of an old one. As it may conveniently be set down to the influence of "the war," which seems to reflect itself so perniciously in the home of the free, it is at least timely, and up-to-the-minute, as it were. The grievance of the American actor lurks in the tremendous invasion of his realm by his English brother. This invasion is not a figment of the imagination. It is real; it is big; it is portentous. Managers, it is claimed, give the preference to the English actor; the dramatic agencies write him in large letters on their books; he is persistent in the current drama; he is not unduly expensive, because he is accustomed to a smaller wage than the American actor covets. He is everywhere—in fact, he is nearly everywhere else, and the native actor discovers that he is "crowded out." He is galled, which is not at all remarkable. He is acid and contemptuous in his comments, which is not extraordinary. He is inclined to believe that the English actor should stay at home and fight, which is impertinent, for after all, a man's patriotism, like his religion, is purely a personal matter.

Being strictly neutral, I've been studying all this very carefully. For I *am* neutral, in spite of the fact that English actors have labelled me pro-American, and American actors have labelled me pro-English—and what the French actors have done, goodness only knows! The American actor gnashes his teeth, and tears his hair, and says things—at the Lambs' Club, otherwise the Café des Agneaux. When he has lifted up his voice at the Café des Agneaux, he feels that he has made a sensational protest, but these little occasions at the Lambs' Club always remind me of that Ingoldsby legend, in which

There's a cry and a shout, and a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about.

There must be some very excellent reason why the English actor should be in demand outside of his own country, and that reason can have nothing to do with his price. Let us give the American manager full justice. He is not cheap; he is not economical. He wants what he thinks his public demands, and he is willing to pay for it. The American manager does not consider expense—that is one benign phase of his "commercialism." In business, I believe—and this is purely hearsay, because I've never been in "business"—merchants who supply poor goods, usually get left. What is true of dry-goods is also true of actors, because the American stage *is* a business. And I fancy there is no novelty in *that* remark. Then, I ask, why does the American manager prefer the English to the American actor, and engage him, and star him, and import him in shoals?

There is no need to be lachrymose or pathetic about it. It is equally absurd to be abusive and insolent. Further, it is inane to be sentimental. There is no sentiment in business. It is all horribly cut-and-dried, and responsive to the idea of "demand and supply." If the American actor would look squarely at the issue, instead of talking vehemently around it, he might get a better notion of his own position, which I admit, is a disagreeable one. The American actor has vigor, vitality, intelligence and grit. There is no reason why he should not grapple with the situation, and set it right, once and for all—which I am certain he could do if he grieved less and battled more. Quite recently—I think it was in a play called "Quinney's" (don't correct me, if I'm wrong. Thanks!) I saw an American character actually played by an English actor, the inference being, I presume, that there were no American actors in New York. As for American plays produced in London, they usually have a better chance of success if English actors appear in them. All of which is grotesque, and ridiculous. If the American actor had a sense of humor which is a difficult thing to use against oneself, it would be a valuable asset.

I'm not going to consider the drawing-room drama very extensively. In that tea-cup issue of the theatre, the English actor is, of course, completely at home. He knows how to sit on a gold chair, and drink tea, as the American actor doesn't know how to do it, and—between you and me and the bed-post—I don't consider it an essential at all. Still, If I were an American actor, and knew that it was necessary for me to sit on a gold chair and drink tea, I'd do it, and do it properly. I would learn to emulate the English actor, as he stands in front of that fireplace, with its scarlet light, holding a teacup artistically, and sipping its contents gracefully and picturesquely. The American actress has learned how to pour out tea—she does it very charmingly—and knows how to chat insidiously as she adds the cream and the sugar—do you take one lump or two?—so why shouldn't the American actor learn how to drink it? He may hate it—he certainly *does* despise it—it is an airy detail and rather stupid—but if the English actor does it so well, and is so popular in drawing-room drama, why not take a lesson in tea-drinking? In England, tea is not a drink, but a sacred rite. You "'ave your tea" merely because your ancestors "'ad" it, and because your descendants will do the same thing. Let the American actor look at details, foolish though they seem, and map out his campaign. Doing things is better than talking them.

Then there is the question of "full evening dress"—I love the expression! We have heard for years that the English actor knows how to wear clothes, and that the American actor—doesn't! That, of course, is dreadful, in fact odious. It seems unpardonable in these days of Kultur that any person should be so benighted as not to know how to wear clothes. That the present-day drama does hang on clothes-pegs I have shown in a previous article dedicated to the abuse of clothes by actresses. Naturally, it shouldn't do anything of the sort. Undoubtedly the English actor is quite "at 'ome" when he is dressed like a—waiter. He does look well in evening clothes—if anyone could! The American actor may be too "big" to bother about such a trifle, but he is not too big to talk about it. The truth about evening clothes is that they suppose a leisurely and a nonchalant manner, and that, the English actor does not have to assume. It is his by right of birth and inheritance. He puts on his "glad rags," and he lolls

The English actor knows how to sit on a gold chair, and drink tea, as the American actor doesn't know how to do it.

The American actor, although vivid and alert, is rather as a loss in evening clothes. His hands bother him, and his fingers look flabby.

Sarony

LEO ORNSTEIN

The extraordinary young futurist composer-pianist who will give his third New York recital at Aeolian Hall on March 19.

JENNY DUFAU

Prima donna coloratura soprano who came to America with a reputation made in Berlin and London. After being heard in Chicago she came to New York and was heard recently in recitals at the Harris Theatre. She is now doing an extended tour through the West.

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MARIA BARRIENTOS

Spanish coloratura soprano, well known in Buenos Ayres, Paris and London, who recently made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House in the title rôle of Donizetti's opera, "Lucia," disclosing a voice of rare beauty, and a pleasing personality. She is an artistic singer as well as a sensational one in the manner in which she sends her voice swirling upward to dizzy vocal Alps above the treble stave in music.

(Above)

ERNEST HUTCHESON

The brilliant Australian pianist who has made a sensational success in the American concert field this season, his playing creating a furore at his recitals. He was born in Melbourne, and at the age of five, made an extensive tour of Australia as a child prodigy. His teacher at that time was Max Vogrich. A few years later he went to Germany, where he studied at the Leipzig Conservatory and in Weimar. During the years following he lived in comparative retirement, sometimes in Europe, sometimes in this country—teaching, playing occasionally, but principally continuing to study, never satisfied, always striving after higher ideals.

Marceau

LA ARGENTINA

Popular Spanish dancer who appeared at the Maxine Elliott Theatre recently with the Little Symphony Orchestra in dances with music by Enrique Granados, the composer of "Goyescas."

SUCCESSFUL ARTISTS IN THE OPERATIC AND CONCERT FIELDS

around in them, spectacularly indolent. The American actor, who is vivid and alert, is rather at a loss. His hands bother him, and hands issuing from black sleeves, are dreadful things to manage. I saw an actor, a very good one, in a drawing-room in "The Cinderella Man," and as soon as he got into his evening clothes, he was a changed man. His hands hung limply by his side, quite as though he had lost the use of them. In his "business" suit, he had been perfectly at his ease, busy and lively. The "full evening dress" seemed to hurt him. He knew that he had to loll, and look leisurely, but he made an awfully bad job of it. Throughout this act, I found myself gazing at his paralyzed hands. Even his fingers looked flabby. If he could have held a handkerchief—some actors insist upon using a handkerchief for their hands!—he would have been so much more comfortable, poor chap!

Personally I loathe evening dress, and wear it in a spirit of mortification. But there is no real reason why an actor should be affrighted by its demands. I don't quite see why it should change a man's nature, or why an American actor who can be so admirable in a mining-camp, shouldn't be equally admirable in a drawing-room. I don't say that there are not many American actors who do know how to wear evening clothes, but I do assert that the "average" American actor is not as "easy" in them as the "average" English actor, and to-day it is the latter who gets the engagements. These remarks are not meant to be "goat-getters," if I may use such a phrase. I am looking at the situation away from the Café des Agneaux.

The same thing may be noted in musical comedy. The tame and tepid English article displays chorus boys of as polite and drawing-room a brand as its chorus girls. Every chorus boy in an English musical comedy looks as though he could sit on a gold chair, and 'ave his tea. He wears his evening clothes as though he had been born in them—sometimes I think that he *was* born in them. That is of little account in the American actor's grievances, because in this country, nobody wants chorus boys at all. Those that we have look like the youths who deliver the daily meat from the butcher's; they are relegated to the background, the chorus girl being all that we care to look at. Up to the present, nobody has imported the English chorus boy. There is a plaint from London that musical comedy is no longer possible in England, because the English chorus boy has gone to the front. It may be necessary to export our chorus boys. Wouldn't that be awful? Could we do without them?

I have touched lightly on the question of "full evening dress" and wouldn't have touched upon it at all if it hadn't been one of the issues raised against the American actor, at a time when our plays are full of scenes in which "swagger" receptions are so popular. I do hate to hear a solemn butler announce some portentous names, and then see its programed owners appear in a hopeless condition of swallow-tailed discomfort. Oh, no, it doesn't always happen, but it happens sometimes, and it never should. Every actor should make it his business to study the politenesses of life, merely because be may be asked to mirror them on the stage. Evening dress is a nuisance, but it is inevitable. It is even healthy! A certain physician professes to have discovered a reason for the longevity of great statesmen, and diplomatists, of judges and jurists, and leading men of affairs, in the fact that they all dress for dinner.

"The first spiritual need of a barbarous man is Decoration," says Carlyle, "as indeed we still see among the barbarous classes in civilized countries."

However, my point is now coming, and it has nothing whatsoever to do with the question of evening dress, or of drawing-room manners. It is very much more important. The English actor is popular with our managers because his speech is clearer and his diction more deliberate. There is no doubt at all about it. The utterances of the average English actor "get over" the footlights; those of the average American actor are often blurred and indistinct. The English language, which is really a very nice language—I'm awfully fond of it—is slandered, maligned, and maltreated. Its purity and its beauty seem to have been lost. It is without form and void. We laugh at its abuse by the dialect comedian—to my mind, one of the atrocities of the stage—and we are so accustomed to hear it gargled in song, that the art of the lyric writer has died.

Actors and actresses who have reached the stage as the "goal of their ambition" have little interest in the English language. They may be pleasant to the eye—and they usually are—but

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Joseph Cawthorn, Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian, the stars of "Sybil" at the Liberty Theatre

(Above) Julia Sanderson and chorus singing *"Colonel of the Crimson Hussars"*

most of them are exceedingly unpleasant to the ear. Ferocious assaults are made upon the English speech, just as though the very life of the drama did not depend upon it. A recent editorial comment in the THEATRE MAGAZINE told us of a "constant theatre-goer" (I believe that New York contains two or three of them) who thought he was growing deaf, and took his Eustachian tubes to a physician for analysis. The physician found that his ears were perfectly healthy. The trouble was with the "careless, indifferent speech of the actors." The English actor is always intelligible, even the small English actor who has had no London experience. In fact, it is the small English actor who is more intelligible than the big London "star" whose "haw-haw" accents are frequently as disagreeable as the wild western "burrs" that the American actor refuses to have "treated" as they certainly should be treated. And I am dealing with "average" actors, and not with those who are prominent and able to hold their own.

After all, when you go to a theatre, you do feel that you are entitled to know what it is all about. Even in some of our thermos-bottle playhouses, if you happen to get a back seat you very often lose half that is said. I don't assert that this hasn't its advantages at times—at least, as far as I am concerned—but the usual theatre-goer believes that he is not getting his "money's worth" if he misses anything. This point is very rarely made in the "criticisms" of to-day. The critics all sit in front so that they can catch what is catchable. Let them sit at the back and very often they will find it difficult even to tell the story of the play. At times I have thought that I was growing deaf, because sitting even in front much of the present-day speech has eluded me. The American actor is allowed to use his own speech in his own way. Nobody interferes with him in the least. He can talk Chicago, or Boston, or Savannah, Ga., or any vicinity he happens to fancy. There is no standard, as there should be, of course. In France they are not allowed to use dialects (and there are very many in France). In England an actor doesn't speak Yorkshire or Lancashire when he is cast for the rôle of an English peer.

In the production of "The Ware Case," Mr. Lou-Tellegen appeared as the English baronet, Sir Hubert Ware. I'm very fond of Mr. Lou-Tellegen, who is an actor of vivid appeal, quite worthy of stellar dominance; but why—why should he have been cast for the part of an English baronet? English baronets may be neither useful nor ornamental—they are very frequently neither—but they must speak the English language in all its purity. It is impossible to think otherwise. In what other country could such a disregard of speech be tolerated? The idea, of course, was that Mr. Lou-Tellegen was Mr. Lou-Tellegen, and that it didn't matter how he spoke. His "accent" was of very feeble consequence. We hear the English language so brutally attacked in nearly all our theatres that who could possibly care if an English baronet happened to speak English that really wasn't English? The average actor, as far as our stage is concerned, has as much respect for our language as he has for his *table d'hôte* dinner. He eats both. He believes that both belong to him. The dinner does when he has paid for it. The English language doesn't. With that he may not do as he chooses. The English language is ours, to be cherished and most carefully nurtured.

The evil of indistinctness is almost terrifying. They used to tell me when I was a laughing lad that to be indistinct was to be dishonest—that the man who mumbled was a sinister creature to be avoided. I have heard as intellectual an actress as Mrs. Fiske when it was nearly impossible to gather what she said. At one time her faulty diction threatened to extinguish her. Mrs. Fiske, however, was clever enough to listen to criticism, which the average actor resents, as he will probably resent these remarks of mine. She realized the danger of belittling the value of the English language, and to-day she has remedied the defect, and her clear, *staccato* utterances are all that could be desired.

Often what we call the murder of the English language by the average American actor is not murder, but merely manslaughter. There is no intent to kill. It is due to carelessness, slipshod methods, and to a lamentable lack of discipline. I don't think you ever heard an ignoble English speech on the stage of Augustin Daly's Theatre, nor can I recall any in the old Lyceum Stock Company. In those days English actors were only occasional. There was no invasion, no horripilic influx! To-day the suave and deliberate tones of the English actor give him employment in our midst, and the American actor does not realize it. If he were cast for a part that made fencing necessary he would take fencing lessons; if he had to box, he would know how to do it, even if it cost him his last penny. The stage manager would pay great attention to that. When it comes to a speech, however, it is a different matter. To that he pays no attention at all. To that the stage manager is as deaf as a post.

Good old Demosthenes of Athens! He suffered from a weakness of prounciation, and to correct the stammering in his voice he used to speak with his mouth full of pebbles, and he succeeded in removing the distortion of his features which accompanied his utterances by watching the motions of his countenance in a looking-glass. That his pronunciation might be loud and full of emphasis he frequently ran up the steepest and most uneven walks, when his voice acquired force and energy, and on the seashore when the waves were violently agitated he declaimed aloud "to accustom himself to the noise and tumults of a public assembly." Good old Demosthenes! If he were cast for a part in a New York production he would keep his mouth full of pebbles and nobody would mind in the least. He would be playing opposite actors who had their mouths full of prunes!

If you sit in a theatre to-day you often hear people saying: "What was that word?" or "I didn't catch what he said," or "What was the last sentence?" The "set" is beautiful; the costumes are quite wonderful; the play may be excellent, but the speech of the actors is polyglot. Very often it is the foreign-born artist, like Nazimova, Simone, Petrova, or Kalich, whose utterances you "get" more distinctly than those of the native-born. You see, they have studied it all. They have realized the necessity of making themselves understood. They have been disciplined, and while they may never acquire English in all its purity, they at least do not suffer from indistinctness.

The average American actor, instead of dishing up grievances at the Café des Agneaux, might emulate the example of the above-mentioned Athenian gentleman and retire to the solitude of a subterranean cave for practice. It is his real difficulty. It is the key to the vexed question of the English actor and his popularity. The average American (*Continued on page* 158)

Photo Floyd

Ira L. Hill

MARY PORTER BEEGLE

President of the Shakespeare Celebration

(Above) CLEO MAYFIELD

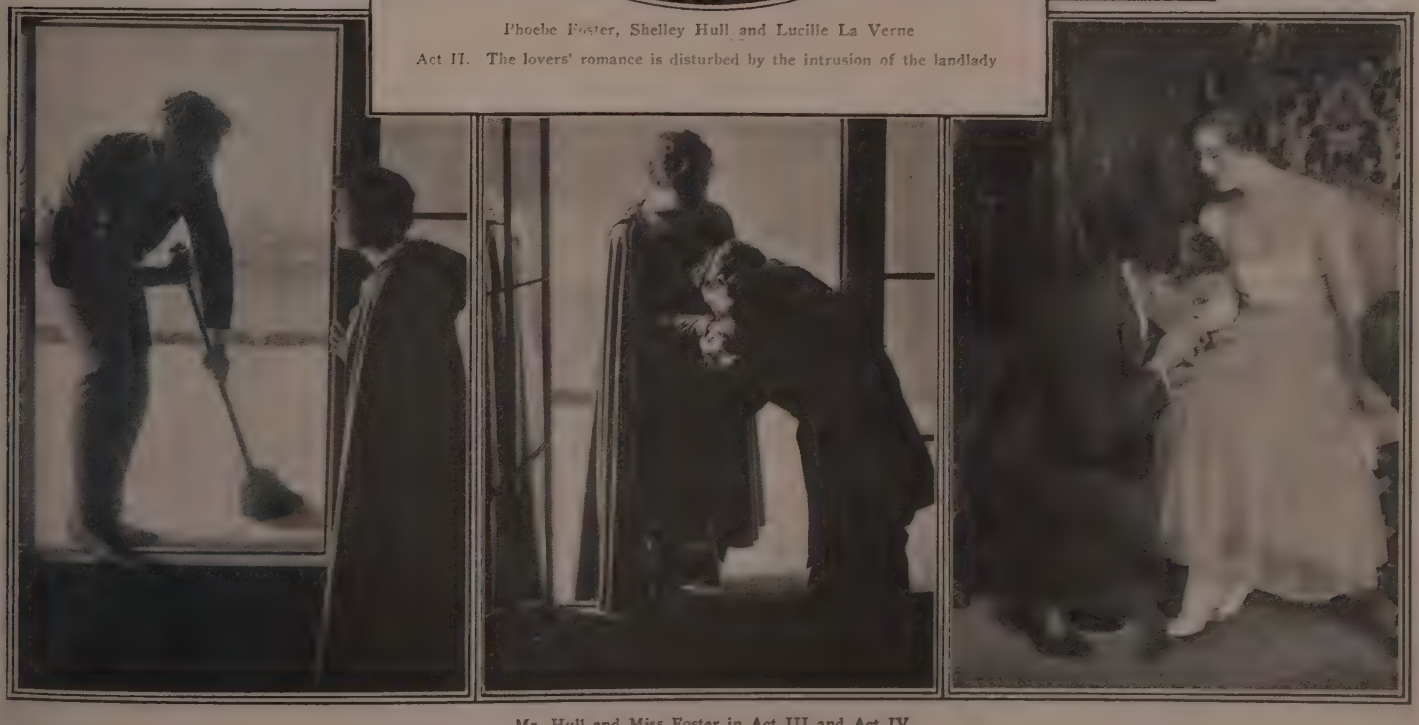
who has scored a hit in "The Blue Paradise" at the Casino and will be shortly raised to stardom.

Photos White
Act I. Phoebe Foster and Reginald Mason

Act II. Phoebe Foster and Shelley Hull

A STRUGGLING author writes masterpieces in his lonely attic, which overlooks the palatial grounds of the hard-hearted millionaire next door. The millionaire's daughter, hearing of the proud young poet's privations steals across the roof with a basket of delicacies, playing the part of the fairy godmother. But the poet is so absorbed in his work that he is quite blind to the charms of his visitor, and he believes her story when she informs him that she is the paid companion of the heiress next door. They become good friends while he goes on working on the opera libretto which is to bring him the [illegible] prize. But that traditional bugaboo, the landlady, soon disturbs the romance, and the millionaire's daughter has to run home while the Cinderella man is turned out to find other lodgings. Of course, all ends well, the poet winning the prize and his fairy godmother too.

Phoebe Foster, Shelley Hull and Lucille La Verne
Act II. The lovers' romance is disturbed by the intrusion of the landlady



Mr. Hull and Miss Foster in Act III and Act IV

SCENES IN EDWARD C. CARPENTER'S COMEDY "THE CINDERELLA MAN" AT THE HUDSON

What Marguerite Leslie Learned in America

An intimate chat with one of the most charming and popular of the younger leading women of the stage.

By EILEEN O'CONNOR

WE sat, she at one end of a long chaise before the fire, and I at the other, and talked of many things, of thrift, of art, of temperament, of dramatic standards, of stage assets and the most valuable lesson she had ever received in acting.

Marguerite Leslie

Marguerite Leslie, in her bijou home in soft creams and dull blues and golds, dotted with antiques chosen with a gift for selection, is a fine example of what the old world sends us in specimens of its best womanhood. She is exceedingly tall by American standards, but so graceful that she does not, so to speak, thrust her height upon us. Her features are regular, her face sensitive, womanly, and framed in rippling red hair. She wore a simple blue frock of crêpe de chine, its sleeves reaching to the elbows, its neck cut low. Its rich blue was reproduced in the fillet that bound her hair. She did not lounge among the cushions. She sat straight, with the poise of the athletic woman. Her voice was like the lower notes of the middle octave of a piano heard from the next room.

She came from the London stage by way of Oliver Morosco's theatrical city in Los Angeles. She had joined Mr. Belasco's fortunes and played in support of Frances Starr in "The Secret." This season she has turned star of a motion picture firm, the huge salary accruing from acting with a camera for audience, having tempted her. This, coupled with the fact that an actress whose beauty and talents once made her the toast of three cities, London, New York and Boston, had become, at a little past fifty, a ward of the Actors' Fund of America, turned our thoughts to thrift.

Miss Leslie looked thoughtfully into the fire. "It's a very sad case," she said. "That woman once owned a town house and a country home, and had stables. I don't know her but I'm afraid hers is the old story of lack of thrift at a time of one's greatest earning capacity. An actress should sit down and commune with herself. She should say to herself: 'My girl, you must know that youth slips away. Regard this year as the year when your earning capacity is at its greatest. Act as though you might never earn so much again.' I do that. I may earn more next season than I have this but I doubt it. At any rate I don't know that I will. A woman who earns a good salary, say three hundred dollars a week, should limit herself to one-third of that for all her living expenses. She should save the other two-thirds.

"It is an economic principle practiced by European players, that not more than a twelfth of one's income should be spent for rent. That will not hold here where rents are so enormous. An actress owes it to herself to live in a quiet place amidst refined surroundings. At least I humor myself by so believing. She should have her own things about her and create her own atmosphere. I am happier and can work better because that old piece of marquetry stands there between the windows and smiles at me with the countenance of an old friend. I am more cheerful because of that bit of Chinese ivory, the long-legged fisherman with the short arms and the long-armed one with the short legs combining their limited gifts in pursuit of their calling. And an actress must dress well. Naturally her stage gowns are furnished by the management as a rule. But her private wardrobe must be so becoming that managers may judge by it how she will look in smart frocks on the stage.

"I think, therefore, her budget should be about like this:

Savings	⅔ of income
All living expenses	⅓

"The one-third I should apportion in this way:

Rent	40%
Food and Servants hire	20%
Clothing	20%
Toilet articles, manicuring, replenishing household goods, and incidentals	10%
Physician and dentist	10%

"I am very economical and the rents and the ruinous prices of gowns in New York appal me. I had been abroad each year and got my clothes there until last summer. But everyone cannot go over so often, especially in the present situation. They do not have the advantage of getting their clothes for one-half what they pay for them here.

"If I were going to remain in America I should get a home in the country. I am pleased to see that many players are doing that. I am always so glad to hear of it. I should buy a country home if I had to pay for it on the installment plan. It would save that extortion called rent. And with a country home would come simpler entertainment. Here there is so much restaurant life, perhaps because of the servant problem. And restaurant life is enormously expensive.

"I always get good advice on investments and am careful about them."

Then, with the logs crackling and the twilight wrapping the dainty drawing room in its soft gray cloak, we talked of possessions not sartorial that Marguerite Leslie had brought from London and what she would take back with her. I watched her with narrowing glance as I propounded the subject, but there was no hint in her calm face of the superciliousness of the old civilization toward the new.

"The London stage taught me repose," she said. "The dramatic methods of the London theatre reflect those of the best London life. Everything is done with supreme calm. The London artist has admirable finish. That repose seems to me a valuable asset in life as well as on the stage."

"And this young country of ours, what will you take from it to London?"

The long white hands with their long, pointed fingers met in a clasp of enthusiasm. "I hope I will take back with me the habit of 'making good.' American audiences force you to 'make good,' or they force you out. It seems ruthless to us who are accustomed to the reverence paid to the old artist. But it is a summary lash upon the backs of the lazy or the self satisfied. Every season you must have a new part and you must 'make good' in it. I like that phrase 'make good.' It is inspiring. America tests one, tests and drives.

"I hope I will take back the quality of spontaneity. Your actors are so bright, of such youthful spirit. One sees many inspired performances here. We see polished ones in London."

"Most of our English visitors grant us the palm of comedy."

"You have delightful comedians. But I think you have great emotional strength. Mme. Rose Phillippi, my teacher, an old actress, told me of the great emotional power of American players."

"Do you think training by a former actress is better than tuition received in a dramatic school?"

"Much. In schools you are in a class. If you have private tuition, you receive more, and special, attention. I had two and a half years' work with dear Mme. Phillippi. She was an excellent actress but does not play often now."

"Did she train your voice? Or did God give it to you as it is?" For assuredly, despite her beauty, her grace, and that air of subtlety that is a stamp of the older civilization, her voice is her greatest asset.

"I have been told that my voice was a good one when I was a child, but I have been careful to train it and keep it in subjection. I take singing lessons and sing a little every day. That is excellent for the speaking voice. Vocal training seems to me the conspicuous lack of the American stage. Members of a company are careful of their dress, their deportment, their diction, but careless of their voices. They don't seem to ever stop to listen to them. That is a fault that can be remedied with care. Americans are clever. When they realize a need they can supply it. A well-modulated voice is the greatest physical gift. It is greater than beauty."

"What is the most valuable lesson in acting you ever received?" The beautiful Scandinavian, out of much experience of life in the cultured circles of Christiania, of Paris, of London, needed no time for review or reflection.

"I received it from an American actress," she answered, "your pre-eminent American actress, Mrs. Fiske. She is a genius. I remember taking my sister, Martha Hedman, to see her. It was in 'The High Road.' I watched my sister. What I expected happened. At first she didn't like her. 'She does things that irritate me,' she said. 'I wish she wouldn't moisten her lips. I wish she wouldn't do this or that.' But the play moved on to the scene with her stage husband. You remember when she tells him of her youthful sins? That is the great scene in the play and that is where I would have expected the greatest effort to be put forth. If I had been playing that character I would have said: 'Now I must act.' But her handling of the scene was magnificent. It seemed effortless. She didn't do anything. She sat there and looked at him and told the story simply and with marvelous effect. When that scene had been played my sister whispered: 'You are right about her. She is a genius.'"

"Whom else do you admire of our American actresses?"

"Mrs. Fiske is a genius. She plays with her brain, a big brain. I regard Ethel Barrymore as your representative American actress. She seems the type of the American woman at her best. When she walks upon the stage or into a room, she charms you at once. She is so womanly, so wholesome. Rose Stahl, whom I saw in London, in 'The Chorus Lady,' is a delicious comedienne."

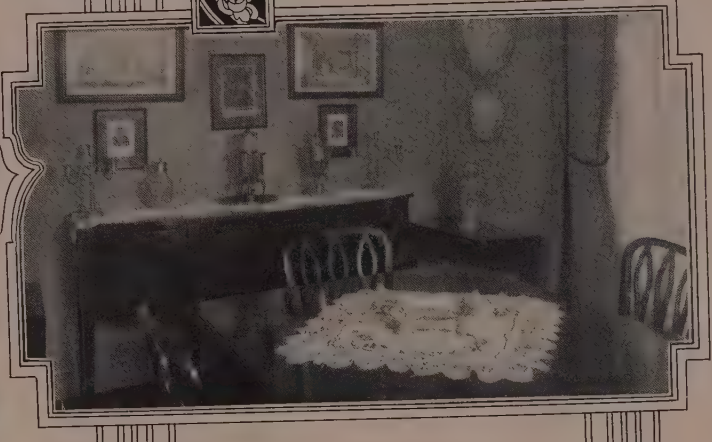
PROMINENT PLAYERS

IN THEIR HOMES

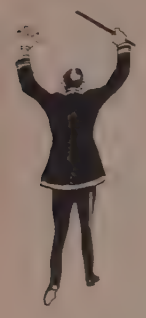
No. 19

MARGUERITE LESLIE

Photos Byron, N. Y.



MISS LESLIE'S apartment is a miniature museum. She has always been collecting objets d'art—rare Sheffield pewter, old copper pieces, Chinese embroideries, etc., etc., which are found scattered among the furniture largely composed of Jacobean, Chippendale and Hepplewhite pieces. The bedroom is the only modern note truly feminine, ivory and sky blue being the prevailing color scheme.



How Sousa Wrote His Marches

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

The famous March King tells where he got the inspiration for the most successful of his compositions.

By WILLIAM de WAGSTAFFE

It was a great pleasure to talk to Sousa.

He has no vanities, no jealousies, no grasping ambitions to inspire his ideas. Unlike other temperamental celebrities, he has never had to "sell his soul." In a dimly lighted room, over a good cigar, Sousa looms up in my recollections of the theatrically famous, as satisfying to one's intelligence. More than this, he is a man's man, with the American habit of pride in his wife and his family.

Things have gone smoothly with him and he with them. His inspirations have been in the way of national thought. He seems to have escaped the emotional brain storms of musical genius, of theatrical association. His faculties have not been wasted on sensuous expression in music. The tragic shadow has never come between him and the sunlight of his busy life.

Who wouldn't envy such a man?

But—you can't. He won't let you. As we sat talking, smoking, thinking, like ordinary beings, his international importance to the history of a definite U. S. A. music never intruded. Millions have been stirred from the lethargy of human egoism by the Sousa marches. The whole world of humans has been exhilarated by the splendor and buoyancy of this man's inspiration. And yet, there he sat, a quiet spoken, mellow voice, semi-humorous, middle-aged man, without a single picturesque detail in appearance or manner to identify him from any one of the "tired business men" one sees dozing through a modern melodrama.

Sousa, the most spectacular impulse of this generation, the most martial spirit in American loyalty of feeling and expression, is the least spectacular person of great fame I have met. It is never a disappointment to meet a great artist, but it is often difficult to interpret their sincerity.

Sousa is transparently sincere. He is in absolute balance. He has no subtleties of thought or feeling. Like the straightforward, energetic, brilliant action of his march tunes, his ideas are straight and true as they are normal and courageous. During most of his life, when he was not at the head of his famous band, he was hunting, fishing, riding, filling his heart and head with all outdoors. No town life for him!

When he was twenty-four he was the bandmaster of the United States Marine Band in Washington. This has always been the finest band in America, the pride of the White House. However, there never was any past or present with Sousa. It was always NOW!

"There is no such thing as the music of the future. It is the music of NOW. It may endure in the future; each man who writes hopes it will."

Sousa has written over one hundred marches. He has composed ten operas, many orchestral suites, songs and waltzes. Frequently he writes the words of his own songs. Here are stanzas worth remembering, written by him:

Love's the pleasure,
Love's the pain,
Love's the sickle,
Love's the grain,
Love's the sunshine,
Love's the rain,
Love is everything!

These are more than martial gallantry; they measure well with real poetry.

It was difficult to interpret Sousa. He is so many sided, so full of many things that reveal. So I pick at random some of the best things he said, about the best things he has done. When he tried to tell me how he wrote his most famous marches, he became statistical, silent upon the inspired facts.

"My first march that attracted any attention was called *'Gladiator,'*" he said. "I was leader of the Marine Band in Washington at the time, and the glorious salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year disposed of any desire I might have had for great wealth. It was wealth as I saw things in those days. When I was a boy in Washington a fourth class clerk in the Government Service received eighteen hundred dollars, and in his own neighborhood he stood somewhere between an Emperor and a Croesus. So, up to 1892, I sold all my compositions outright, some for as low as five dollars, and the highest price for fifty dollars. Among these were *'The Gladiator,' 'The Washington Post,' 'The High School Cadets,' 'Semper Fidelis.'* I did this because I thought $1,800 was enough for any one man to earn and squander."

He gave me a list of the marches he had written which he considered the best, as follows: *"The Gladiator," "The Picador," "King Cotton," "Fairest the Fair," "Stars and Stripes Forever," "The Bride-Elect," "The Man Behind the Gun," "Imperial Edward," "The Diplomat," "The Washington Post," "The Liberty Bell."*

"A composition in march tempo must have the military instinct," said Sousa in explanation of his own success; "that is one reason why so few of the great composers have written successful marches. They lived in an atmosphere of peace. The roll of musketry had no meaning for them, so that quality is entirely absent from their work. The Spanish War was an inspiration to me. The *'Man Behind the Gun'* was a musical echo of it. *'The Stars and Stripes Forever'* was written after the news came of our victory at Manila. *'The Diplomat'* was written in honor of John Hay, who as Secretary of State had handled some diplomatic situation with a masterful skill that inspired me. *'Imperial Edward'* was written in England in honor of the last King. I had *'The Liberty Bell'* finished some time before I could find a name for it. One night I attended a spectacle in a theatre, and a scene was given showing the Liberty Bell which greatly impressed me. The next morning I received a letter from Mrs. Sousa, describing the pride with which my two boys had shared in the 'Liberty Bell Parade' in Philadelphia, where they were living. That decided me, and I named the march accordingly. *'The Washington Post'* was named after the oldest newspaper in Washington, on an occasion commemorating its work."

Still, these were statistics. I urged him to tell more of the secret impulse of his marching music.

"Inspiration!" he said thoughtfully. "The power that forces the inspiration also prepares the world for it. Anybody can write music of a sort, just notes. My religion is my composition. Nobody can rob me of what I have done. Sometimes somebody helps me, sends me a musical idea, and that somebody helps the public to lay hold of my meaning. It doesn't happen all the time, and I know when a composition of mine lacks inspiration. I can almost always write music. At any hour, if I put pencil to paper, something comes. But twenty-four hours later I usually destroy it.

"You see, I don't believe there is any such thing as National music in the sense of geographical lines. Had Wagner been born in New York his music would have been American, and his imitators would have made it National. Good music is personality—not of a nation. Chaminade's music is not French, it is Chaminade. I believe that God intended me for a musician, and I call it the luckiest thing in the world that I could make my living by doing what I wanted to do. My mother's early influence was the most potent in my life. My mother was very religious, and believed as I do, that a power beyond man himself is the inspiration of his work, and with the love of God and His laws asked me never to compose on the Sabbath. I never have. During her lifetime, my mother only heard my concerts a very few times. The first time was in Washington. When I returned home after the concert that night, everybody had retired but my mother. She was waiting up for me.

"'Well, mother?' I said.

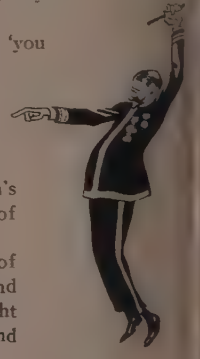
"She put her arms around my neck.

"'Philip, dear,' she said, 'you deserve it all.'

"That memory is worth more to me than any applause ever given to me."

We found ourselves talking about the organization of Sousa's Band and the individuality of his work as a conductor.

"It was while I was leader of the United States Marine Band in Washington that I thought there was a field for a brass band



(Continued on page 156)

White

Lord Rintoul
(Martin Sands)

Lady Babbie
(Maude Adams)

Act III. Lady Babbie—"Father, if he is really married to this woman, I won't interfere to save him"

SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF J. M. BARRIE'S CHARMING COMEDY "THE LITTLE MINISTER," AT THE EMPIRE

Photos © Ira L. Hill

RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN

In Oriental dances of Egypt and Japan, in which they are now making an extended tour in vaudeville. Miss St. Denis is exceedingly versatile and has the rare gift of subordinating every vestige of her own personality in her role.

Scenes in Alice Gerstenberg's playlet "Overtones" and other plays presented at the Bandbox Theatre

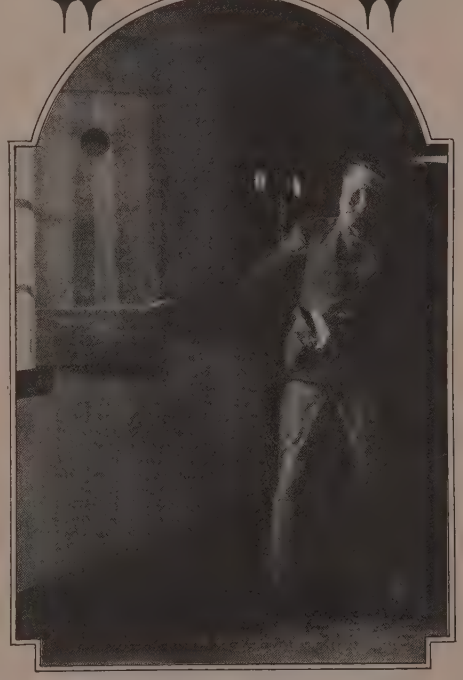
The One Act Play

BY CLAYTON E. GIBBS

The short play, like the short story, is especially suited to our national temperament. Significant revival of interest in the development of this dramatic form.

Photos White
Helen Westley as Mistress Cleopatra in "The Roadhouse in Arden"

Arthur Balsamo and Roland Young in "The Red Cloak"



GLENN HUNTER IN "THE CLOD"

THE success of the Washington Square Players with the one-act play once more attracts the attention of theatre-goers to this particular form of drama.

It is the opinion of certain critics in the Scandinavian countries, whence have been derived, directly or indirectly, nearly all modern improvements in stage technique, that in all probability the next advance in the art of the drama will be made by the development of the one-act play. Strindberg, more than any other one dramatist, impregnated the one-act play in its modern form, and Russia and France have in recent years cultivated it to good advantage. Now the English music halls are catering to it and occasionally one elbows its way into the program of our own variety stages.

That the form is still very new in our language is apparent from the fact that we are still uncertain whether to write "one-act play" or "one act play," for a similar uncertainty attended the birth of the short story. The *conte* had long been practiced on the Continent and, of course, was not unknown in England and America, but it was some little time after the inception of its present vogue in our language before we agreed to drop the hyphen and write uniformly "short story." (Why should we write "one-act play" when we do not "three-act play"?) Those who predicted the development and present popularity of the short story are again active in predicting a like development and popularity for the one-act play, basing their prediction upon the belief that the music halls and variety stages have for some time been in closer touch with the varying tastes of the playgoing public than have the theatres of drama; and that so far as America is in concern, the one-act play is, like the short story, especially suited to our national temperament.

Until most recently England has known the one-act play only through adaptations from Continental authors or through the offerings of the visiting Irish players. The curtain-raiser, an incipient one-act play, has been cultivated extensively in late years, but since it has been addressed primarily, like the vaudeville sketch, to pit and gallery, it has never reached a high quality. The Irish writers found the dramatic *conte* a convenient mold, and it was they, no doubt, who, more than any other influence, disclosed the possibilities of the one-act play to the younger English writers and gave impetus to their present cultivation of it. And although the form is yet unmarketable except in the music halls, nevertheless it is now engaging the attention of these younger writers more and more.

Until about five years ago we knew the one-act play in this country only sporadically. When the Princess Theatre opened in New York with the announced policy of giving only such plays it inspired high hopes for the future of the diminutive drama, but when it imitated the exotic offerings of the Grand Guignol of Paris our hopes were instantly blasted. Then the Irish players and a little later the Manchester players visited us, bringing in their repertories several short plays that well deserved performance upon our stage. About the same time the so-called Little theatres began to rise and mount interesting short plays, past and present, of native and foreign authorship; and multiplying rapidly, they have continued this policy, interspersing the shorter plays with long ones. Last season two organizations came into being in New York, the Neighborhood Players and the Washington Square Players, to cater almost solely to the playlet. The Washington Square Players, under the able direction of Edward Goodman, have been particularly successful in this field. From time to time the one-act play has found its way to our vaudeville stage, to contend for favor there along with the almost overwhelming slapstick skit. Arrangements are already under way for the building of a Holbrook Blinn Theatre in which will be presented unusual one-act plays, similar to the productions which Mr. Blinn gave at the Princess year before last, when that playhouse was called the "Theatre of Thrills." Arthur Hopkins is another manager who is planning the organization of an able stock company, to present the best one-act plays available, native and foreign, with the immediate purpose of creating a public and a demand for them, and with the ultimate purpose of stimulating our own playwrights to the greater development of this dramatic form.

It is a characteristic of the playgoing public of America to demand action in its theatrical entertainment. For this very reason the late Charles Frohman found it increasingly difficult in recent years to secure foreign plays that were suitable for American adaptation, for, as he explained, drama abroad is tending toward talk and our public wants action. Now there are multiple misconceptions current as to the nature of this term "action." Too often it is defined as physical movement and the definition supported by instancing the popularity with our public of melodrama and farce, in which physical movement predominates. What our public means by "action," though, is tenseness of interest at an emotional height, an irresistible focusing of interest and emotion upon a particular situation. The majority of our native writers produce plays that are very like the old Italian operas. There are great barren stretches of recitative, relieved occasionally by a brilliant and forceful aria. And what our public wants, and what only, is the aria itself. With the psychologic explanation of the occasion of the aria, which is the function of the recitative, our public has little patience. Before the present state of development of the cinema and the varieties we endured the dreary wastes of recitative to get the seldom compensating

(*Continued on page* 156)

Talbot

HARRY PILCER AND GABY DESLYS

Who are dancing in this country again in "Step This Way Listen," at the Globe Theatre

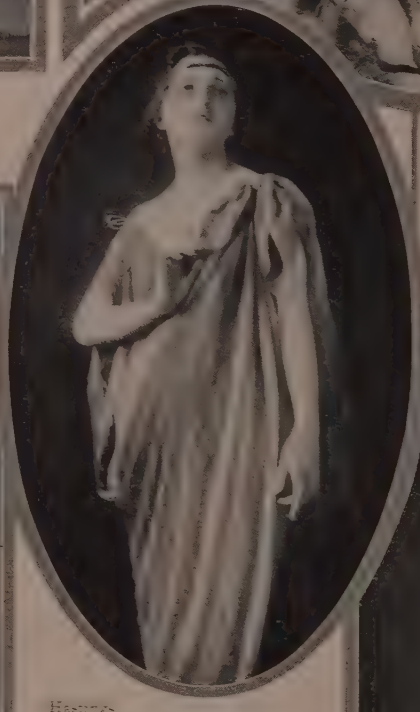
WINIFRED KINGSTON

As she appears in "The Call of the Cumberlands," a Pallas-Paramount photoplay.

McClure

MLLE. BEATRICE DE HOLTOIR IN "THE BERGERETTES"

This charming and talented French comédienne diseuse, is captivating New York with her old French Bergerettes—eighteenth century songs. She opened in her pretty shepherdess costume at the Heckscher Club, Jan. 16th, again at the Actors' Fund Benefit, Jan. 19th, and at the Biltmore, Feb 15th. She is the first reciter ever engaged for the Biltmore's Friday morning musicales. "The Bergerettes," which form the feature of her recitals, are little poems in antique bindings published between 1757 and 1801. For years, Mlle. de Holtoir has been collecting these books, until today she owns a collection of nearly a thousand. Besides having gained popularity as a reciter, Mlle. de Holtoir is regarded as authority on the teaching of French diction, enjoying the unique distinction of being a French woman trained in the strict traditions of the Comédie Française diction and yet able to act in English without a trace of foreign accent.



Hastings

MARGUERITE NAMARA

Prima Donna in "Alone at Last" at the Shubert. Previously made an enviable reputation on the opera and concert stage.

Vayana

ELISE DUFOUR—DEBUSSY DANCER

There has long been a theoretical notion among music lovers who like to go with the modern current that Claude Debussy needs the three-fold interpretation which was given to the composers of ancient Syracuse, and Mlle. Dufour has elected to bring to his weird settings of Verlaine, Mallarmé and the three or four other master symbolists the aid the dance can give. During the last week of February she will dance at the Princess Theatre a group of Debussy, including the Little Shepherd, the Arabesques and Le Faun. In the same programme Debussy will be played by a piano virtuoso and sung by a famous interpreter of his songs.

INTERESTING PERSONALITIES IN THE THEATRE WORLD

Photo White

JANE COWL, NOW APPEARING IN "COMMON CLAY" AT THE REPUBLIC

Is Stage Emotion Real?

The most fascinating thing about acting is the outlet it gives to genuine feeling. If not real, it is not art.

By JANE COWL

REAL feeling can be a spectre that overwhelms, but the actress who must have real feeling, or, in the very nature of her work be ineffective, conquers this spectre and harnesses it to her will. In comedy, she pulls a cap and bells over its ears that it may not hear the tragic whine of everyday things. In drama she keeps a tight rein on this spectre of real feeling, lest it run away with her.

Women, however, who by temperament are more delicately keyed than men, are given a super-courage that bears them up. In the real dramas of their lives, their bravery is not spoken of with the same distinction as that of brave men. There are no iron crosses for women who face pain and domestic disaster, with the courage that is quiet, the smile that shields, the faith that lasts through all discouragements. They dare too much, sometimes, but they always endure, or they die in the love of enduring.

It is often the woman's battle with real things in her life, that forces the actress into unreal feeling. Not until she has conquered herself, not until she has mastered real feeling with the art that is unreal, can she project herself into the mind and body of a fictitious character.

I shall never forget the thrill that possessed me in my first performance of Mary Turner in "Within the Law." In her first entrance comes the big moment of real feeling in the play for the actress and for the audience. Just before my entrance, standing in the wings, I was cold as ice from head to foot. The blood seemed to be slowly freezing in my veins. When I found myself suddenly standing before that audience, handcuffed to the stage detective as I was, all the rebellion of real feeling that any girl would experience in the cruelty of Mary Turner's position, swept over me in flaming rage. After the first few lines I was swept away from myself, the blood rushed to my face with the keen sense of this outrage to Mary Turner.

An audience meets you for the first time just as some other people meet you. They are warm or indifferent according to their impressions of you. They are formally polite, or very glad to see you. You come on the stage, they say how do you do in a perfunctory manner, or they meet you eagerly and you sense the warmth of their feeling towards you at once. I always establish my relations with an audience, during the

© Strauss-Peyton

RITA GOULD
Appearing in "Maid in America" on tour

first act. If they are "sitting on their hands" as one of my fellow actors aptly described an audience that is not sure whether they like us or not, then I plan to capture them in my third act. It is my pride as an actress to win that audience before it leaves the theatre. If I don't, it is no one's fault but my own. Sometimes I don't have to try at all. Each audience is a new personal acquaintance to an actress, a composite being whom she meets with as much cordiality in her regard as she receives. She knows that they are saying to themselves, how real she is, or how unreal. The process of getting acquainted with an audience is a strange part of the psychology of acting.

Audiences have moods. Sometimes they are disinclined to emotion, they are really ready to deprive the actress of her serious moments, if she will let them. But, she is on her guard. Her sixth sense is there, a sentinel that signals danger to her. Then she gathers her forces, stimulates her well-known lines with real feeling, strikes the keynote of her big scene with a deeper earnestness, draws upon her reserve store of physical vitality. But she never abandons herself to the real feeling she supplies to her audience. Nor, does she mystify them deliberately. She swings herself through the big scene on real emotions, that must be unreal enough to allow her inner consciousness to keep them well within the bounds of her art.

The creative faculty of an emotional actress is established by her capacity for real feeling under imaginative circumstances. She must at some time, usually in the first study of a new part, believe every line of it. The author's manuscript of a play is only the map of her emotional pilgrimage. It shows her the extent of the emotions, the scenes she will pass through, the direction of her feeling. Of course, she studies the map diligently, applying all her sensibility for truth, to its limitations. It happens perhaps, that the author has written something she cannot really feel. In my own case I refuse to compromise with a line or a situation that is not real to me. It must be changed till it rings true, in flesh-and-blood words.

Long before the play goes into rehearsal, I have imagined the real life, of a real girl, beginning years before the play begins. Her heredity, her temperament, her voice, her gesture, her passions and her secret ideals become as familiar to me, as those of my own nature. I never become a part of her, however, nor does she touch the inner soul of me, but I take her into my dressing room and I clothe her.

On my body I hang her identity, with her voice I speak in mine, in my eyes I put the light of hers. When the masquerade is complete, I leave Jane Cowl in her dressing room, till I re-enter it as Jane Cowl, once more. This is what I mean when I say that acting is the invisible point where what we know of ourselves begins, and where what other people know about us, ends. I know that in the character of Ellen Neal in "Common Clay" the girl is nothing like Jane Cowl, and yet the audience cannot disassociate me from her emotions. They always fasten upon the actress the emotions of her part. If they could not do this, she would be a very poor actress, however.

Ellen Neal is as remote from myself as Mary Turner was in "Within the Law," or as any other stage part I have played, has been. So far as it is possible for two beings to be entirely different, I am from the character I portray on the stage. My stage emotions are unreal in that they are seen in a play, but they are the outlet of real feeling, of a tangible force, of super-abundant vitality and imagination, which I mould in the theatre, at will.

There is another phase of real emotional expression which enables the actress to be definite, strong, clear in her work.

She must have what I call—sex.

Ellen Neal, the heroine of "Common Clay" is typically adaptable to this idea. She was the victim of sex. It was the dominant note of her life, the birth-mark stamped on her character by the natural law and circumstances of her birth. So was Mary Turner in "Within the Law." These girls were fighting the rights of sex, which is the deepest, the most savage, the most real thing in life.

There is nothing abstract about sex. There is no time for philosophy in its sweep of real feeling. It persists fearlessly, defiantly, for its prerogative of justice. The actress must have more than a mental appreciation of what it means. It must be born in her.

Sex means the vitality, the physical "punch" behind the dramatic purpose of the sacrifice, or the love, or the hate, or the revenge, or the passion of the play. These are the primary colors with which real drama is painted. These are the realities that audiences feel, if the actress justifies them with her own vitality of sex.

There are confusing applications of this word, that is so frequently abused.

Sex, as I am speaking of it here in relation to the force it gives the actress, is the hidden power we see so often in executive men, who having it exert it over other men, to make them do what they want. It is the physical threat that compels attention. It is never sordid or mean, or small, or low in its field of action. There is no such thing in human nature, for instance, as an out and out villain. There was no girl ever born who did not aspire to the highest virtue of sex. The weak, sink knee-deep in mud, for lack of sex. In acting, it is the predominant mystery that makes the actor's work real, to an audience.

To illustrate:

Ellen Neal in "Common Clay," immortalizing her mother, who drowned herself that the man she loved might escape the scandal of his secret liaison with her, says:

"She wasn't straight—but my, she was square!"

This is the easiest line in the play to me. It defines the magnificence of sex in its battle for the ideal, that some women find, even in the mire.

An actress must have a universal sympathy with the fundamental qualities of real feeling, and she must believe in them.

A critic who was not high-brow, but whose sense of real feeling was far greater than one finds in the merely intellectual arguments that are written about acting, summed up my work in this way.

"I've been studying you," he said, "there is nothing wonderful about your work. You have no stage tricks that one can learn anything new from—but, you are so darn 'honest-to-God' in what you do."

The actress must first have real feeling, she must pass through the actual heartache, and if necessary, the anguish of the emotions her part calls for.

(*Continued on page* 154)

Robert Hilliard Act I. The midnight supper, Yale class of '85.

JUST before his marriage Deegan Folk learns from his father that he is one-sixteenth negro. He is told that if he marries there is a possibility that he may become the father of a black child. Deegan is too much in love to break the engagement and too timid to confess. He marries, and when his wife tells him that she is going to have a baby Deegan Folk confides his secret to the family doctor and implores the physician to prevent the birth of the child. The doctor answers Deegan that he will give him no help unless he tells his wife. Otherwise he must take his chance. "It is a million to one that the child will be all right," says the physician, and Deegan takes

Photos White Kathlene MacDonell Robert Hilliard

Act III. Mrs. Folk is anxious to learn the truth about her baby.

his chance. The third act shows Folk awaiting the birth. The doctor tells him that the child is a negro. Twenty-four hours elapse. The woman has not been allowed to see her child. She has grown anxious, and fears that the boy is deformed. The doctor attempts to soothe her with a promise that she shall see the baby in a little while. He points to a door and tells her that the child is in the next room. Suddenly the woman jumps out of bed and rushes for the door. Before the doctor can stop her she has gone into the next room, where the baby lies. A cry of despair tells that Mrs. Folk has learned the reason why she was not permitted to see her child. Years elapse. Folk, now owner of a Cuban tobacco plantation, is seen with his dark-skinned boy of twenty working as his foreman and eager to acquire a college education.

SCENES IN "THE PRIDE OF RACE" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree as Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII"

Yours very faithfully

Herb. T. Beerbohm Tree

Playing Under Fire

By ADA PATTERSON

Laurette Taylor gives a vivid account of her experiences in the British metropolis during the recent Zeppelin raids.

IN New York actresses complain that they cannot play against the roar of the elevated trains. The clang of a bell of a passing cable car gives some of them nervous headaches. Mrs. Pat Campbell once insisted that tan bark be laid in the street before the theatre in which she was playing her repertory of hectic heroines. But an American girl went to London and played against the multitude of noises of a world war.

She played while her eyes widened, her face blanched, her knees shook—she admits that she tried to cover their shaking with her hands. She was afraid. It would be an empty mind through which stalked no terrors of that time. Bravado is the brother of ignorance. The person who knows no fear often knows nothing else. The active mind comprehends danger but bids the soul face it with courage. That is the reason that Laurette Taylor played while the Zeppelins were flying and the bombs were dropping and the deadly gases were exploding about the theatre.

She played in the teeth of war. She made droll little faces at the grim facemaker, death. She played amid horrors incredible to those living complaisant lives in this fair land of peace. One evening she passed a theatre on her way to the Globe. She saw persons elbowing their way through its doors. She saw the stream of light pouring far out into the street. She heard cheerful voices, laughter, successive bars of gay music. That evening when the performance was over her husband took her home by an unaccustomed street. But the next evening she passed the neighboring theatre. Its lights were out. Two great iron posts were propped against it. There was a black gash in its side. It seemed to lean toward her, as a tottering figure gropes for support before it falls.

"I know," she said. "You needn't tell me. I have eyes. It was the Zeppelins."

"The newspapers never told of such happenings," said Laurette Taylor, returned from the scene of nations in carnage. "One had to wait to hear about it told in whispers. No one ever wanted to frighten anyone else or to let anyone know that he was frightened. There is a splendid conspiracy of silence in England, the fine silence of courage and endurance! But I found out after awhile. It was the Lyceum Theatre. A bomb had torn through the roof and killed two persons in the audience. They said there was no outcry. People slowly and quietly rose to their seats and walked to the point farthest from that terrible gash in the roof and waited. Then the stage manager, some brave unknown, came to the front of the stage and quite calmly told them that the Zeppelin had doubtless gone on. There was no further danger at this time, but that to continue the performance was, as they could see, impracticable. And the audience went out without a panic, with no word above a whisper. Oh! It is a fearful way to make war. Not an honest face to face, fist to fist, shot to shot encounter, but war from the water beneath and the sky above. It is hideous, past believing unless you have faced it for more than a year."

She isn't the same Laurette Taylor that crossed the sea after breathing the breath of life into "Peg o' My Heart" for two years at the Cort Theatre in New York. Her smile is not so frequent. Her eyes, looking much upon death, have lost for the time their laughter. Her cheeks are white as lily petals. The neighborhood of death tames. Yet when she began playing against the war, her spirits were high. Her laugh was rich. She was unable to believe that the war was more than a mere rumble of ex-

Photos E. O. Hoppé

LAURETTE TAYLOR, RECENTLY RETURNED FROM A SUCCESSFUL LONDON ENGAGEMENT, IN NEW AND ARTISTIC POSES

© Strauss-Peyton

PAULINE LORD
playing in "On Trial"

© Strauss-Peyton

CARLOTTA MONTEREY
Appearing in "The Bird of Paradise"

© Strauss-Peyton

DOROTHY FOSTER
in "It Pays to Advertise"

aggerated quarrels from the continent of Europe. She insisted upon playing against rumors of battles.

"They need heartening up and I want to give it to them," she said of London folk.

She did make them laugh that night at the opening of the Irish play at the Comedy Theatre, in October, 1914, especially after she went close to the footlights after the second act and scolded them. Shouts of "Bravo!" went up from the pit, from the stalls, from the boxes. Thereafter by common consent Laurette Taylor owned London or the theatre-going part of it.

"A rampageous little rogue, a dinky little divil, a tantalizing little tomboy, an impetuous little imp, a ducksome little darling. Think of a few more for yourself, and you will only have begun to describe the soft-hearted little savage Peg," was the verbal explosion of one critic the next day.

One, more measured, asserted without fear of successful contradiction, because in all London there was no disposition to deny it: "Her technical skill, her supreme confidence, and an individuality that fascinated the house, rendered her success certain from the start. As soon as she came on the house took her to its heart." One stately and revered chronicler discovered in her resemblances:

"She has an old-fashioned look about her, reminding one of the early portraits of Nell Gwyn. Pretty, witty Nell had the same shock of curls and the same nimble tongue. At another time she reminds you of Réjane—the same hair of the gamin, the same broad Rabelaisian laugh, the same arched brows over wide eyes that seem to wonder how pedantry and pomposity ever came into the world."

She was very happy about it all at first. She went on "heartening them up." She taught London to laugh and to laugh again. She was asked to write a letter for a bazaar. She wrote:

"Dear British Public:

"It has been a great privilege to be in England during this crisis and a great honor to be permitted to help her to smile.

"England may lack the emotional excitement of a country at war, but she has a superb confidence which is an intense irritation to an enemy, a great help to her people, and keeps a visitor like myself in a state of beatific security—no matter how threateningly the enemy shakes its fist.

"When victory comes, I shall try to be here, and then I am sure English enthusiasm will show that England knows the time to wait, the time to cheer, and does not believe it will ever be the time to weep.

"I send you all my most sincere affection for your kindness to me and I look forward to 'The Day' when your armies return victorious and I can shout with you."

It was typical of the innate roguishness of Peg's originator that she afterwards said coyly: "If the Germans win I shall say that I never wrote that letter!"

"It was charming to play to an English audience at first," Miss Taylor with a tiny, wan smile will tell you. "The fact that they come dressed as for a ball gives you the sense of their doing you honor and of your being on your honor to give your best. But they don't wear evening dress now. The streets are dark. You can hardly ever get a taxicab. Gerald Du Maurier changed the fashion by having printed on his programs, 'Evening

(*Continued on page* 155)

Where Do Dramatists Find Ideas?

Augustus Thomas
Author of "The Witching Hour," etc

Theatre-goers often wonder in what way authors conceive their plays. Augustus Thomas, Henry Arthur Jones, George Broadhurst and others tell where they get the plots for their pieces.

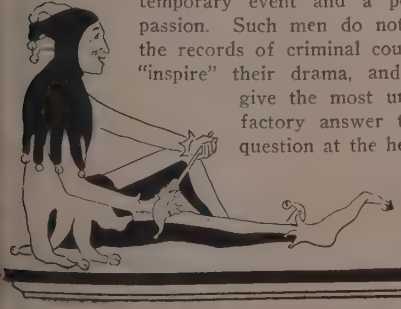
By WILLIS STEELL

THE theatrical season is already so far advanced that it is possible to see how true, from what has been the prevailing fashion in plays, were the predictions made before the season began. From these advance notices, so to speak, of last August one would have been justified in believing that none but war-plays would hold the attention of playgoers. It seemed then safe to predict that the serious piece would be the rule; on the contrary, the farce has far out-drawn the drama, while the programs have shown greater variety than usual. This, considering the conditions of last year, and conditions still prevailing as well as the natural proclivity to exploit timely subjects, may be considered a matter for congratulation.

It has seemed interesting to ask the authors in what way they conceived their plays, or what group of facts or circumstances it was which led them to write such and such a comedy, such and such a drama. Did they find their subjects in the fluctuating life about them, or in their own vagrant imagination? Were they led to write by their interest in particular facts of which they have been witnesses or readers, or have they preferred to develop general ideas, grouping personages and situations in a certain way satisfactory to themselves and imposing on their characters a line of conduct conformed to the truth as the authors saw it? These questions have been asked by THE THEATRE of the dramatic authors and the resulting symposium cannot fail to satisfy a justifiable curiosity.

It requires no very profound thought or long-drawn harking back to find the germinal idea of a play like "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," for while the author would probably deny that he attempted to study the life and character of "Billy Sunday," yet if that revivalist had not come so near to New York as Paterson is, possibly the soul-saver of the play might have waited longer for his incarnation. He was bound to come, however, and the living example gives him his best and timeliest opportunity. In the same way the delightful young scoundrels of "Rolling Stones" may be traced back to the heroes of the Saturday Evening style of fiction, who are popular in proportion as they dare to do things not admired in Sunday-schools but winked at in the broader humanities. The theme of "Common Clay" is a holdover from last season, when it seemed that no play could succeed without police court scenes and the backing up of the "black Maria." These plays then simply follow a pattern and will not reward any attempt to find out where they started.

Authors do not always know how the first idea of a certain play took root in them. There are playwrights who *never* know this but these are the men who are not trying to follow a fashion or to take advantage of a contemporary event and a popular passion. Such men do not read the records of criminal courts to "inspire" their drama, and they give the most unsatisfactory answer to the question at the head of this page. Because a well-constructed play seems from the spectator's side of the footlights to be inevitable there are people in every audience who will tell you just how the author wrote it and what caused him to write it. Recently the *obiter dicta* of a famous manager was printed, which revealed that if he from association and converse with many playwrights knew something of how plays germinated and grew he did not know all. In substance, he said that no worthy play was ever written where the big scene was not put down first and the other scenes written out of it and to lead up to it. No doubt this is the usual way of "building" a play, but the big plays that sweep an audience off its feet began by sweeping the author off his. It writes itself in defiance of all rule and precedent.



Augustus Thomas, who figures less and less prominently as time goes on in theatrical records, is nevertheless rightly regarded as the most representative American author, as the Dean of American playwrights, in fact, and if his own output diminishes he remains a very active figure in the contemporary dramatic movement. "As a Man Thinks," and "The Witching Hour" were plays which furnished ample proof that he keeps in the van of contemporary thought, while a mere cataloguing of his titles would serve to show that his talent has never been confined to a particular genre.

Behind the least of his plays one can see observation of life and a sympathetic understanding of his fellow human beings. That he views them in a pleasant humorous atmosphere in no way detracts from the truth of his observation. Mr. Thomas has said this himself whenever he has been asked about his way of working. "Real life," he says, "furnishes me with topics for the theatre. These evolve into plays, sometimes slowly and sometimes with astonishing rapidity. Plays have come to me ready made, others I think over a very long time—I have lived with a play in my head for years, but however they come to me, on hasty or on leaden foot, I have never yet made a play from a fact pure and simple."

From Mr. Thomas' self revelations, made with great reticence and almost reluctantly, but made in a speech here and there (he is an after dinner speaker much in request), we learn that it is the *idea* that starts him to work, an idea which he turns here and there, which he tries in various moral and social positions until he has found the situations where it fits in best. The idea at the root of "As a Man Thinks" is obvious enough and that of "The Witching Hour" had contemporary value. Particular facts which may be drawn from a source like a police court or from the daily papers do not appear to interest Mr. Thomas. A generalization of these facts, a universal application of them, when they can be universally applied, does interest him and through him an audience.

The dramatic Dean has always replied in the negative when people ask him after the first night of one of his pieces if an event, more or less widely known, whether or not it has run its course of interest in the news columns of the papers did not incite him to write that particular piece. He is able to trace the evolution of a play farther back, recovering its first vague outline in his experience or in that of a friend, but in the months or years that have intervened the experience is apt to undergo many changes, making it more general, adapting it more fittingly to the stage.

Henry Arthur Jones
Author of "The Cock o' the Walk," "The Liars," etc.

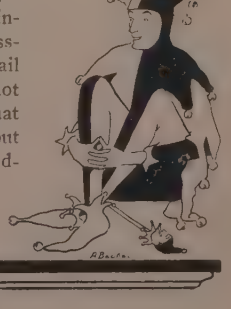
And Mr. Thomas has said, speaking in another order of ideas, something about his own experience that no doubt is paralleled in the experiences of his fellow authors, not confined to the theatre—they have seen the things which make the plot of their books or their plays, happen many months after the play has been produced and the book issued from the press.

Henry Arthur Jones wrote and published a book last year, ridiculing the dilettante author who pursues new ideas in the art of play making and disdains tried ideas which have always proved effective. In this book he says that it always is safe to take the germ idea of a play from real life. But he goes on to say that he frequently discards a good idea after long germination because he has become convinced that it is too far in advance of popular apprehension.

"This is but one of the limitations which curb the dramatist," says the English author. "Should he write a play too far ahead of his public he hazards his reputation and loses his authority. The drama will always remain a popular art, that is, an art for the people—and however lofty are the aims of the dramatic writer he should never lose sight of this truth and should study to please the general body of playgoers of his day.

"I am perfectly willing that the newspapers should show me the trend of thought in any subject, I am perfectly willing to get my ideas from the common store, and frequently the heart of a play has been revealed to me by a paragraph in a newspaper or by a simple anecdote. But for those which I have made use of I have discarded hundreds. And play suggestions which came to me in reading ten years ago, but from which I turned away because of the common sense principle enounced above, are cropping up in my mind again, now that the great public is at last thinking of them. The drama must mean and utter things of living importance; it serves its purpose best when its themes are already stirring in men's minds."

This British playwright is not alone in rejecting many subjects, germinal ideas for drama, which appealed to him at the outset, his American confrères are learning caution by sad experience and they are as fastidious as he. Nobody wants to be carried away by a theme, work on it for months only to find when the work is done that the subject is one in which neither manager nor audience take any interest. Many plays successful in their time would fail if first produced now, not for the simple reason that they are old-fashioned but because they miss the modern "punch." That, too, will pass, then as many of the old



timers as are genuinely human may come forth again.

"When I study the plays of twenty years ago," said one popular playwright whose output is small, "I am led to reflect on the absurdities in them and to wonder how audiences, however unsophisticated, could sit them out with patience. But this is a narrow conclusion, for the success of plays of our own time reveals plainly enough that audiences are born with a grain of imbecility. I can actually more easily understand their past stupidity than their present intelligence, which, to speak the truth, appears to me illusory and deceptive. I'm convinced that our audiences of to-day will appear stupid to future generations when they read the plays which entertained and instructed this generation. I've concluded that man is in his essence a stupid animal, and the progress of the theatre, intended to draw him there to spend his time and money, is downward because it is but the empty consequence of our audiences restlessness. I would like to be directed to a modern play that gives us a rule of life and the principles of conduct in human nature. If it succeeds in being a means of helping the senses to keep their illusions the theatre is doing all that should rightly be expected of it."

Thus speaks the pessimist whose day as a playwright is brief at any time. Optimistic ideas bring popularity and confer authority. The social satire, the anarchistic, the physician's thesis—these are like the grass, green to-day and cut down to-morrow. Writers of plays who wish their pieces to succeed and who have no personal propaganda to enforce, soon learn this inevitable conclusion of the whole matter—unless they are able to present popular thought in an agreeable and sufficiently optimistic manner, they have no permanence in the theatre.

The fate Charles Klein used to frankly admit that he got ideas of plays from clever people's conversation. In an interview which he gave only a week before he started to return to England on the ill-fated *Lusitania* he said:

"It is always a pleasure to me to listen to the talk of cultivated people no matter what they talk about, barring, of course, politics and religion. Out of their talk one is able to get a true mental stimulus. Ideas have come to me while listening to people talk that later developed into a play. I'm a great believer in mental sparks caused by the conjunction of two clever minds. Who knows which one started the necessary thought to lead to a play? Perhaps it was only a chance word but full charged with drama. Suggestion plays a great part in the evolution of a piece for the theatre."

The book of the hour, the lecture of the hour, the talk and thought of the hour furnish George Broadhurst with what has several times turned out to be the play of the hour. There is nobody, they say, more omniverous in his reading than this popular author. Newspapers are so interesting to him that he reads them from the weather report to the last "ad." And from the things he reads ideas come to the author of "Why Smith Left Home," a title which was suggested to him by a headline in a newspaper.

Titles of books start the play germ growing in one dramatist's mind, another gets an inspiration from reading Henry James's elegant, circumlocutory and quite undramatic prose, a third admits that he is a great reader of mémoires, and builds modern plays on the experiences of some famous historical character. The greater number of dramatists will not admit that their ideas come from any one or from any source. "My brain seems perfectly empty for weeks together, ," said one of this class, "then suddenly an idea is in it, I don't know where it comes from nor whether it was suggested or remembered." A playwright who has the reputation of being distinctly original is regularly to be seen browsing in second-hand book shops, dipping into this volume and that, reading a page here and there. Those who know his habits remark when they see him thus engaged: "A new play is about to be born. B—has begun to loiter around the bookstalls."

At the present time thousands of minds are cogitating, choosing, eliminating, discarding play ideas, for nobody knows so well as the experienced playwright how much his success or failure in a new dramatic venture depends on the skill with which he selects his starting point.

"His Majesty Bunker Bean" in Chicago

At the Cort Theatre, Chicago, is being presented to crowded houses, a farce-comedy called "His Majesty Bunker Bean." The piece was dramatized by Lee Wilson Dodd from a novel of the same name by Harry Leon Wilson, which had been published serially. It opened practically unheralded after a fortnight's try-out on the road. Immediately like some transcendent luminary it rose to local success and fame, its novel theme and fresh treatment winning press and public without a dissenting murmur.

Bunker Bean has become a kind of shibboleth in the mid-western metropolis—a password for courage and progress and enterprise, the courage of the under-dog who finding confidence in himself rises by self-respect into a worthy and influential position. Bunker Bean as seen on the stage is every man in real life who has learned to know himself.

A miserable, shrinking, overworked clerk in a business office Bean is induced to believe that he is Napoleon Bonaparte reincarnated after a previous incarnation as King Rhamtar of Egypt. Having acquired a small legacy from a relative he purchases his own mummy—that of Rhamtar—and sets it up among his own Lares and Penates. Convinced that he has been formerly a King, his down-trodden soul immediately rises out of its slough of shrinking degradation. In view of his new self-confidence the tide of his fortune turns, and by a series of deliciously humorous incidents Bunker Bean wins friends, the love of the daughter of his rich employer and a fortune in adroitly managed speculation. To his great misery and chagrin he suddenly discovers, however, that the mummy he purchased is a fake. Having believed that it was the alleged mummy of himself which had brought him luck he succumbs for a moment to the blow of disillusionment. But instantly he rises in all the glory of a conquering spirit when he comes to a realization that it was he, and he alone by sheer force of his own personality backed up by courage and self-confidence that had won the battle of life.

Photo Bakody Berger

Taylor Holmes — Florence Shirley — Clara Louise Moores

SCENE IN "HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN," A GREAT SUCCESS OF THE CHICAGO SEASON

Taylor Holmes has created Bunker Bean in what is viewed as a deft and illuminating performance. The piece abounds in able characterization, freshness of view-point, clean humor and good lines. Each rôle is distinctly human and true. The company supporting Holmes includes Charles Abbe, Jack Devereaux, Horace Mitchell, Florence Shirley, Marion Kerby, Lillian Lawrence, Clara Louise Moores, John Hogan, Harry C. Power, Grace Peters, Walter Sherwin and Robert Kelly.

Mrs. Fiske John Cope

Act I. Juliet, an elocutionist, comes to marry Barnaby Dreary in answer to a matrimonial ad.

Mrs. Fiske John Cope Madeline Delmar

Act I. The overworked household drudge, Barnabetta, is ordered about by her father.

JULIET MILLER, an elocutionist from Iowa, comes in answer to a matrimonial advertisement, to marry Barnaby Dreary, an ill-tempered Pennsylvania Dutchman. The Dreary family are ill-mannered and coarse, with the exception of Barnabetta, the overworked and frail household drudge. Juliet

Madeline Delmar Mrs. Fiske

Act I. Juliet offers to befriend Barnabetta.

Mrs. Fiske Edward Robins

Act II. The table manners of the Dreary family amuse Juliet and the young lawyer from Reading.

befriends the girl, and when her cruel father is about to horsewhip her, she wrests the whip from his hand, and puts a stop to his iron rule of the household. After Barnaby's death, his son the village stage driver, in order to prevent Juliet from inheriting his father's money, reveals her past. He

Photos White

Act III. To stop her from inheriting his father's money, Jacob Dreary reveals Juliet's romantic past

shows her as Erstwhile Susan Miller who eloped with a local druggist of Cedarville, Ia. But matters are straightened out in the end, and Barnabetta marries an able young lawyer from Reading.

SCENES IN "ERSTWHILE SUSAN" NOW AT THE GAIETY THEATRE

White

STAGE SETTING FOR ACT II OF "GOYESCAS"

"Goyescas" Given World Premiere

© Mishkin
ENRIQUE GRANADOS
Composer of "Goyescas"

SPANISH was added to the Babel of tongues sung at the Metropolitan Opera House by the first performance there on any stage of the Spanish opera "Goyescas," music by Enrique Granados and libretto by Fernando Periquet. This world première, which occurred January 28th, was witnessed by a huge audience that revelled in bringing before the curtain composer and librettist who had come to this country from their native Spain to assist at this event. Inasmuch as this opera is but one hour long it was given as part of a double bill, its companion being "Pagliacci."

Music, story and title of "Goyescas" are inspired by canvasses by the king of Spanish painters, Francisco José de Goya, born in Aragon in 1746 and died in Bordeaux in 1828. His paintings hang in every great museum, but Granados appears to be the first musician whose muse was stirred into action by these canvasses. At first Granados' "Goyescas" music was a series of pianoforte pieces which were later elaborated into a grand opera fabric, the libretto supplied by Periquet whose adoration of Goya appears to be as great as is the composer's. In building this verbal text the librettist has not incorporated any actual incidents from the life of Goya —who was from all accounts quite an adventuresome gentleman—but has rather left the burden of suggesting Goya to the scene painter. In the first of the three "pictures," as the three scenes are called, there occurs the incident of a number of villagers from Madrid amusing themselves by tossing into the air the dummy of a man stuffed with straw—which episode is the subject of one of Goya's famous tapestry paintings, or "tapestry cartoons" as they are called. Then, in the second picture there is a dimly lighted dance hall scene which is supposedly suggested by another of Goya's paintings called "El Baile de Candil," translated as "The Lantern Lighted Ball." But the plot itself, bearing the subtitle, "The Rival Lovers," concerns Rosario, a fascinating Spaniard who has had an affair with a toreador Paquiro but is now in love with Fernando, a captain of the guards, while Paquiro seeks consolation with Pepa, a charmer of the streets. These four principals meet in the first picture, a campo on the outskirts of Madrid, but the women keep the rivals apart. But when Pepa finds that her toreador is still enamored of Rosario she schemes revenge, and when the four meet again at the ball that night, Pepa so taunts the men that they challenge each other. The final picture is Rosario's moonlit garden, where she and the captain indulge in a love duet after which he goes out to be butchered by the toreador.

It is a perfectly simple, obvious plot which lacks the essential element for holding the listener's attention, namely the quality of dramatic tenseness. And while the first and second incidents are alive with swirling crowds and action, and are brief and compact, the whole dramatic structure falls to the ground when along comes the final scene in which the two lovers sing of nightingales and love for a vastly longer period than it takes to tell all the rest of the plot.

As for the music, for two scenes it is rhythmically interesting and melodiously inspired. And its composer has told us that this is the real Spanish music, emphasizing that it is not of the brand manufactured by Spaniards for exportation. But in the final scene the composer drops the mask of Spanish originality and writes love music that might have been composed by a modern Italian not of the Puccini school, though credit must be given Granados at this point for the invention of two themes that are musicianly and expressive. But by far the best music is that of the dance hall, with its swirling dance rhythms, its gay crowd and the final Fandango. This episode and the descriptive music of the first picture's restless throng on the campo give every indication that, granted a good and dramatic libretto, Granados may one day be heard of as a composer of a worthy grand opera. At present he gives the impression of a most talented composer for the piano whose knowledge of the stage is very limited and who has very little sense of dramatic values.

© Mishkin
ANNA FITZIU
as Rosario in "Goyescas"

The Metropolitan's production was remarkable for its beauty of scene and for the singing of the chorus, the difficulties of the latter being monumental. The names of the principals contained that of a newcomer to these forces, Anna Fitziu, an American soprano, at one time a musical comedy singer here but who had appeared successfully in grand opera in Italy and Spain. She sang the music of Rosario with full, brilliant voice, unexpressive of sentiment or any other emotion, and her acting was likewise unilluminating. Flora Perini sang Pepa dramatically, but Martinelli was wasted on the rôle of the Captain Fernando, while De Luca could do nothing with the ungrateful part of the toreador Paquiro. Bavagnoli conducted his orchestra with zest, and everybody sang in Spanish, which might as well have been Greek, for it only increased the difficulties of the singers.

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The One Act Play

(*Continued from page* 143)

aria. In "To-day," for example, we endured the first three acts to get the fourth, which alone was effective drama. Now that we have the cinema and the varieties we grow less and less tolerant of the long-spun drama. The only hope for the future of the full-length drama in America is that its writers shall be such master craftsmen that they can vitalize their exposition and psychologic explanation and make their plays, to continue the musical comparison, "a continuous flow of melody." Which is merely to say that in the future, drama in America must be *drama,* and not one of the infinite unorthodox varieties of theatrical entertainment which, for want of proper category, are roughly classified as drama.

When at its best, as in Barrie's "Twelve-Pound Look," what is the one-act play but an aria, a *tour de force,* of drama? It can begin at or very near the crux of its theme and make the audience grant the antecedent conditions, as one must do in the case of the short story, thereby eliminating almost all of that explanation which, when given so dryly as is usual with American playwrights, is tedious to our and in fact to any public. And just herein lies the promise for the future of the one-act play with the American public.

The dramatic *conte* has further advantages over the full-length play, advantages which are in the main identical with those of the short story over the novel. It permits of a delicate symbolism like that of the Irish, a poetic impressionism like that of Maeterlinck or Synge, and a whimsical fantasy like Barrie's, all of which are almost too tenuous for a three or four-act play. It may pose a question of problem and not answer it definitively, without irritating an audience as a longer play would, were its "end" left dangling. It may be didactic to an extent quite unthinkable in a long play. It may present serious subjects, seriously treated, which at a greater length would weary the spectator, and may paint unlovely, even repulsive pictures which detailed into three acts would be insufferable. And within its brief limits it permits of an intellectual and emotional intensification (e. g. "War Brides") that would break of its own tenseness if protracted through two or two and a half hours.

But such intensification demands expertness in its practitioner. The dramatist must be richly endowed with what is termed "instinct for the theatre." His dialogue must be terse in the highest degree. He must always be trying to attain the "dramatic *mot juste,* the word or sentence which is at once recognized as the all-sufficient expression of the one thought worth thinking at the moment. And out of this absence of rhetoric, this utter simplicity and straight-forwardness will emanate the atmosphere of the episode."

Such expertness is rare among our native playwrights. A few have it though, and no doubt more would quickly strive for it, were there more encouragement such as that which Edward Goodman, Holbrook Blinn, and Arthur Hopkins aspire to provide. But England has many writers of such ability who have been practicing the one-act play for some time. In all likelihood therefore, England will furnish the writers of the one-act play for a few years to come, though the American stage, rather than the English, seems to be the one upon which these plays will find performance and most favorable opportunity for development.

How Sousa Wrote Marches

(*Continued from page* 140)

as wide and far reaching for concert purposes as a symphonic orchestra. Certain music by the great impressionistic masters, like Wagner, Strauss, and the famous Russian composers, particularly appealed to me for certain strong effects which even the largest orchestras could not supply. My plan was not to organize a Military Band, but a brass band that would augment and yet supply the same shading that an orchestra supplies. I figured that it was possible to get tone quality with a brass band. For instance, the March in "Tannhauser," can never obtain the strong effects of the clarionet and wind instruments in orchestral interpretations. Of course, Beethoven, Mozart, and those gentle poets, with their reed voices, cannot be reproduced in brass. Berlioz, I consider, was the father of all modern instrumentation. When I first started on my concert tour, there was a good deal of criticism as to the matter of which I conducted my band. In fact, it became a favorite amusement among vaudeville comedians, to imitate and burlesque me at my work. For my part, I have always believed in the effectiveness of conducting in curves. Take the orator for instance, he may be absolutely passive for the first five minutes, but afterwards he must indulge in patomime or his audience will become cool. In a composition of a sensuous nature if you conduct in angles, the picture is spoiled. The music breathes one's feelings and your actions suggests another. Also, conducting within a small circle to me appears most effective, and if a man's mode of beating time absolutely belongs to himself, he can never seem incongruous to those who look at it. In short, you must be yourself if you are going to stand before the public. Personally, I would rather be the composer of an inspirational march than of a manufactured symphony."

Sousa's indifference to ragtime, is based upon the fact that he does not believe it is musical.

"Ragtime is just notes," said Sousa. "It is the smile in American music, the tomfoolery, the outlet—but it is not music. Besides, national music is not a growth of the soil. I have tried to embody and retain American folk songs in my music, and to some extent have accomplished the idea. But music is not national. For instance, a great genius like Wagner bursts upon the world. He is a product of Germany, but his music is not German national music. He is a leader, and there follow in his wake a great number of imitators—men who take up the master's ideas and do less with them than he did. People speak of a national music in this country and refer to the negro melodies of the South. Were they a product of the soil? Let's see. The foremost composer of these negro melodies was Steven Foster, a Pittsburgh man, who lived in the North and wrote of the South. No matter what the country may be, the South is always the land of romance, and so Foster, for negro minstrel performances in the North, wrote of the South too, and he invested his music with a rare charm that was held to be typical of the South. Yet he was a Northerner writing in the North and could only be writing with genius tracing the notes upon paper and without representing the nation's characteristics in his work. He was the leader and there were myriads of imitators, but all writing to the same end.

"The purely mechanic musician is very largely in the majority, and the number of geniuses is very small."

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Is Stage Emotion Real?

(*Continued from page* 146)

From the real, we pluck the unreal. There is something in the theatre that some artists call soul, and others call technique, that is very impressive in its influence with an audience. The public attempt to explain it as "personality." When I had my first leading part in a stock company, I was so moved by the terrible trials the poor girl had to go through in the play, that at rehearsal I was in tears all the time. I sobbed so much, that I could scarcely speak the lines. "Bathed in tears," literally describes my appearance. The stage manager gently took me aside, and explained to me that such real feeling was not wanted in that theatre, not in any theatre. He pointed out to me, that acting was unreal feeling. It was not difficult to see what he meant. When a woman is really crying, till it seems as though her heart must break, she can't do much acting. I had demonstrated this, to myself, and to the stage manager. From that time, it has always been Jane Cowl in a new adventure.

There is a well-known story about a celebrated actor, who, at the death bed of his father, uttered a shriek of pain and agony, that was terribly real. Afterwards, almost instantly, he was so impressed with the wonderful dramatic value of what he had done, that he consciously memorized it, for future use, in acting.

We pluck from the real, the unreal in art.

The actor knew the value of real feeling in his profession. For all acting should be real feeling that is unreal, because it is an imaginative incident shorn of its actual anxiety.

I can no longer cry on the stage. Experience in acting has made the blend of real feeling that is unreal, too complex for tears. There are times when health and strength are not at their utmost efficiency. Then, an actress must rely upon the rule of four, as I call it, because I despise the word technique. Acting can be exact as a sum in arithmetic. An actress can put her lines over the footlights by sheer force of stage trick. Sarah Bernhardt, for instance, has done this for years, because she knows how to manipulate the emotions of drama with the skill of an expert pianist on the keyboard of a piano. Only, instead of the keys of a piano, she touches the hearts of her audience. That requires a superb grasp of the artistry of acting.

The highest form of acting is to *suggest* real feeling, to make the audience do most of the emotional work themselves. Great artists can do this. Geraldine Farrar can tear me to bits in her acting of "Madame Butterfly," for instance. Few actresses I have seen can do that to me.

There are actresses who entirely abandon themselves to their stage emotions, whose vitality is big enough to inveigle them into giving an audience real feeling, unadulterated with stage art. It is a strange fact that audiences usually resent this display, because real feeling can be as wearying on the stage as any real emotional experience in life, to the audience. They go to see such acting once, but they do not come back again.

Actresses are usually women of poise, but in acquiring this, they must not lose the inner fires that give their performances the glow of real feeling. When a great actress begins to cool at the centre, that is when acting is no longer interesting to her, the audience feels the change that has come over her even before she is conscious of it herself. Sometimes she wonders why this happens. There are many reasons, too numerous to name.

Women must nourish real feeling lest they become unreal, especially women who are on the stage.

Playing Under Fire

(*Continued from page* 150)

dress is no longer fashionable. Kahki is the color.' I went through two Zeppelin raids. The sight and sound are things unforgettable. A Zeppelin looks like a big silver fish high in the sky. Maybe a comet ready to drop looks like that. The sound it makes is like the whirr of a grasshopper's wings multiplied a thousand fold, a grating, horrible sound. The shooting from both sides is pop, pop, pop, a chain of quick explosions. Then the Zeppelin passes on and there is silence. I said I went through two raids! The first time that grating, grinding, unmistakable sound came during the second act of 'Peg o' My Heart.' I was speaking that line about my foolish little dog 'never becoming President of the United States.' There was not a sound except that terrible whirr overhead. In two or three minutes it had passed. We went right on with the act. I don't know how we got through it. Out in front I could see strained, white faces. But no one moved. When the curtain fell upon the funniest act in the play for the first time there was not a laugh.

"The second time I heard that sound the audience had gone home. My maid was assisting me in my dressing room. At the sound I spoke to the call boy. 'That's a Zeppelin,' I said.

"'No ma'am,' he said. 'They're dropping ice next door.'

"'That may be, but your complexion is the same green shade it was the last time the Zeppelins came,' I said. I seized my maid's hand and dragged her to the cellar."

American *vs.* English Actors

(*Continued from page* 136)

actor is a finer artist than the average English actor. He is more vigorous; he is freer from the bugbear of traditions; he is more original; he is more on the *qui vive*. But his speech is atrocious, for the most part, and it is the one thing that he overlooks.

If you find that somebody is credited—rightly or wrongly—with doing a certain line of work better than you do it, don't sit and weep and gnash your teeth and tear your hair. There's a reason! Look into it and don't ask for the sympathy of professional sympathizers. They are always with us, like the poor, but they have never yet been known to dig at the root of the evil. I say that the trouble with the average American actor is that he doesn't speak good "universal" English, and that the average English actor does. I am emphasizing the word "average," because a notable example of execrable English was furnished by the late Sir Henry Irving, whom I saw in "Macbeth" when I really needed a "book of the words."

There should be a standard of speech for all American actors, and those who failed to comply with it should be packed off to school. From our stage nothing but the purest utterances should be heard. The English language should be spoken in such excellence that school-children could hear it and learn from it. To-day it is slovenly; ordinary words are mispronounced, while as for foreign words or names, they are simply food for laughter. In plays "from the French" the casts of "mossoos" and "madahms" must be tremendously funny to the Frenchman. You may say that we are not catering to Frenchmen. Surely, however, it is worth while giving foreign words their due. One might as well get them right as wrong.

Even if a play be poor or inane, or "lacking in interest," there should be a standard of speech, and the sensible American actor is he who

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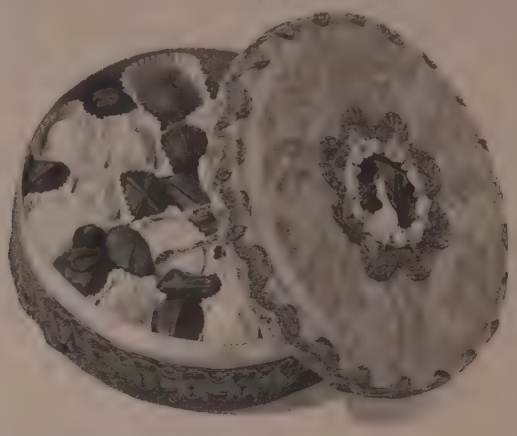

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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

realizes that. It seems a pity to see trumpery English actors employed for unimportant parts just because they can speak their lines so that the man in the back row gets them. It is more than a pity—it is a crime.

Every actor's speech should be manicured. It should be shorn of its eccentricities. It should be absolutely free from peculiarities. There should be no "accent" at all. Many actors think that if they can acquire an English accent—some of them say "I fahncy" and think they have done the trick—they are on the high road to success. That is where they make their mistake. Nobody wants an English accent or any accent. An accent is an excrescence. The present popularity of the English actor is not due to an English accent. It is due to a deliberate enunciation, in which every syllable is heard and no syllable is blurred. The alleged English accent, you know, may be "cockney," which is considered quite vulgar, but it "gets over." We want to hear what actors say—at least some of us do.

It may seem strange and even greedy, but it is a fact. Sometimes lines explain the subtlety of a plot, occasionally an epigram is designed to cause a laugh at a psychological moment. We want to hear all this. We pay to do so. Otherwise we might as well go to the "movies"—which would be a sad fate, don't you think?

At some of our theatres we find an announcement that a number of seats have been equipped with an instrument for the benefit of patrons "whose sense of hearing is impaired or defective." These really could be attached to every seat for the benefit of patrons who cannot understand the jargon spoken from the stage. Perhaps the popularity of the films may rely largely upon the comfort of not having to strain one's poor old ears to catch words that are chewed instead of uttered. It is rather a relief when you come to think of it.

When the average actor realizes this, I think he will be very much happier. The influx of "imported talent," as it is called—and it isn't talent at all—will be decidedly lessened. The task is not an easy one. The English language has been neglected for a long time. It must feel exceedingly peevish, but it can be conciliated. Really, the English language is a joy when it is well spoken. They say that we cannot sing it, and they give us opera in Italian, German and French, and I don't see why we *should* sing it, if we are too lazy to speak it.

Come from the Café des Agneaux and look at things as they are, and as they need not be, and as they should not be, and as eventually they will not be. The matter of "full evening dress" is a detail, and not a disturbing influence. There *is* a good deal of drawing-room drama, full of teacups and gold chairs. If the English actor likes that, and the American actor doesn't care, let him have it. The other thing do *not* let him have. See that his clear enunciation is no clearer than yours; that his English is no purer or no more agreeable; that the occupant of the back row in the theatre (and there seems to be no seat left in the box-office nowadays except in the back row) can hear you just as well as he can hear him. Sit in a theatre and listen to the complaints against indistinctness and blurred speech that you may hear around you. Don't accept my word for it. Prove it for yourselves. The English actor has certainly invaded these shores, and you can conveniently set the fact down to "the war" *if* you like.

My advise, however, is, "Don't."

They are discussing "preparedness" everywhere!

Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

E. W. A., Winston-Salem, N. C.—Q.—Kindly give me the names of the artists who have appeared in colors on the cover of THE THEATRE from March, 1912 to November, 1915? 2. Have you ever published colored portraits on the cover of Theda Bara, and of Mary Pickford? If not, will you? 3. Have you published photos of Betty Nansen and Nance O'Neil?

A.—In 1912, the March issue had for its cover a portrait of Laurette Taylor in "The Bird of Paradise;" April—Alice Lloyd in "Little Miss Fix-It;" May—Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess;" June—Mabel Morrison; July—Marie Doro as Oliver Twist; August—Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton in "The Rainbow;" September—Molly Pearson in "Bunty Pulls the Strings;" October—Lydia Lopokova; November—Martha Hedman; December—Signor Caruso in "Rigoletto." 1913—January—Mary Boland; February—Gail Kane; March—Elsie Ferguson; April—Pauline Frederick in "Joseph and His Brethren;" May—Mary Ryan in "Stop Thief;" June—Doris Keane in "Romance;" July—Viola Dana in "The Poor Little Rich Girl;" August—Annie Russell in "The Rivals;" September—Mary Pickford; October—Valli Valli in "The Purple Road;" November—Anna Pavlowa; December—May de Sousa. 1914—January—Martha Hedman; February—Alexandra Carlisle; March—Maude Adams; April—Carolina White in "Zingari;" May—Molly McIntyre in "Kitty MacKay;" June—Laurette Taylor in "Peg O' My Heart;" July—Forbes-Robertson as Hamlet; August—Hazel Dawn; September—Ann Murdock; October—Ruth Chatterton; November—Julia Sanderson in "The Girl from Utah;" December—Leo Ditrichstein in "The Phantom Rival." 1915—January—Mary Pickford; February—Martha Hedman; March—Mrs. Vernon Castle; April—Chrystal Herne; May—Genevieve Hamper as Juliet; June—Mary Fuller; July—Roszika Dolly; August—Florence Walton; September—Ina Claire; October—Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Trilby. 2. We have never used Theda Bara's portrait on the cover, but in our November, 1915 issue there is an article entitled "Theda Bara—the Vampire Woman" illustrated with three pictures. For covers of Mary Pickford see list above. 3. A full-page picture of Betty Nansen appears in our March, 1915 number, and a good picture of Nance O'Neil was printed in our January, 1912 issue.

V. E. G., Ilion, N. Y.—Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Donald Brian, and if so, in what issue? 2. Where can I obtain his photo?

A.—See page 130 of this issue, also our February, 1914 number. 2. Moffett Studio, Congress St., Chicago, Ill., or Sarony, Fifth Ave., New York City.

S. N., San Francisco, Calif.—Q.—Kindly tell me if the Russian Ballet will come to the Pacific Coast after their engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. 2. Where can I obtain photographs of the Bakst scenery and of the dancers of the Ballet Russe.

A.—The Ballet Russe has just completed a two weeks' run at the Century Opera House and they are now on a tour which will take them as far west as St. Paul, Minn. On April 3rd they return to New York for a four weeks' engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. 2. In our December, 1915 and this issue you will find pictures of the Russian dancers. You can obtain the original photographs from White Studio, 1546 Broadway, New York City.

Henry Uruguay, El Paso, Texas.—Q.—Is there any book teaching the technical part of toe, step, and toe heel dancing. 2. Where can I procure photos of Bernhardt, Pavlowa, Ruth St. Denis, Volinine and Ted Shawn? 3. Will you publish any pictures of scenes of the Russian ballets?

A.—Grammar of the Art of Dancing, by Frederick Albert Zorn, published by H. L. Walker Company, Buffalo, N. Y. 2. We have printed in THE THEATRE excellent pictures of the artists you mention. If you wish to get the original photographs you can procure Pavlowa, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn from Ira L. Hill's Studio, 463 Fifth Ave., Bernhardt from Rochlitz Studio, 112 East 48th St., and Volinine from White Studio, 1546 Broadway, all New York City. 3. See our December, 1915 issue and page 127 of this issue.

A Subscriber, Philadelphia, Pa.—Q.—Can you tell me if the following players are still living: Lilli Lehmann, Thomas Jefferson, Edith Mason Persse, and Bessie Fairbairne?

A.—We have been unable to obtain any information about Miss Fairbairne, but the other artists you mention are all living.

S. F. B., Brooklyn.—Q.—Did Cleo Mayfield and Cecil Lean ever appear in vaudeville together?

A.—Yes.

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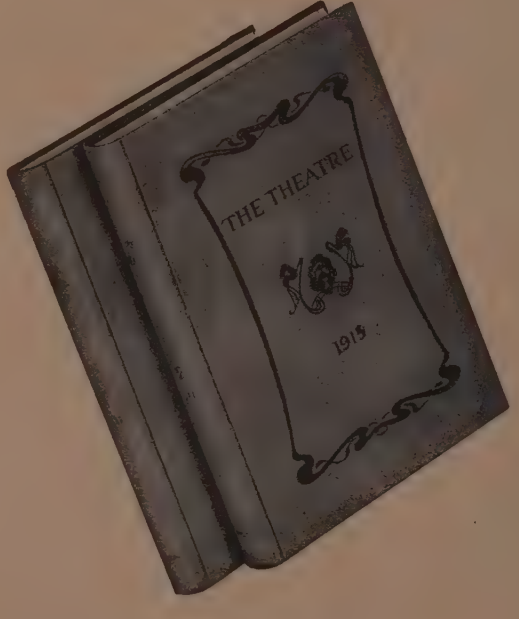

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New Dramatic Books

THE LIFE OF MAN. By Leonidas Andreiev. New York, The MacMillan Co.

This is one of the books we hear of, a book proclaimed in Russia as a work of genius. With those who yield without parley to the famous and the recondite, its weirdness and oddity and its bigness of theme are convincing. Undoubtedly it is a work of genius. It can hardly be described as a play. Its effectiveness in production as such is open to very large conjecture. We are not informed of its history in this respect. It is a possibility for the stage, but its demands in symbolism and in lighting could be met only by a most resourceful management. There is no character with a definite name. And yet there are scores of people who talk. There is nothing that may be reckoned as plot. It is drama after a fashion only. A dramatic poem, susceptible perhaps of being acted, is a proper definition of it. The story, corresponding to what is commonly known as plot, is simple, very slight, but the scope of incidents and observation include the life of man. In a certain sombre, and consequently somewhat limited sense, it does compass universal experience as far as it goes. Joy of youth, love in marriage, poverty and its early struggles, success, fame, swift following misfortune, the loss of property, misery and death—these things are common enough to represent, from one point of view, Life as it is. The idea is massive, the contents take in much, but in the matter of detail the action lies as much in the talk of the people, unnamed characters, who assemble on occasion, as in the dialogue and incidents belonging to the two main characters, The Man, The Wife. The interpolated chorus is after the manner of Greek tragedy. There are five acts. The first act is, The Birth of the Man. It is poetic in its picturing the solicitude of the Man, his love and his anguish when his wife dies, leaving a son, the Man. The second act is, The Love and Poverty of the son, now a man and married. Poetic it is, again. He is an architect. They are very poor, hopelessly so. There is a Being in Grey who is always present in the background, sometimes seen and at others not by the actors. From him we learn that success and wealth is to come to the Man. Act Third is: The Ball given by the Man. There all is splendor. The Man is in his highest estate. Act Fourth is, Ruin and Bereavement. The beloved child, son, of the Man and the Wife dies. The glory of life, wealth and fame all gone. Act Fifth, The Death of the Man, alone and miserable. He does not die alone in the sense of being in solitude. He dies in a low, large cellar; about him are drunkards and vile old women. The scenes are placed in vague, mysterious halls, the drab colors emphasizing in some way certain symbolism. Genius has its own way of getting effects, so that Andreiev's dramatic poem leaves an impression of purpose and depth of sympathy that it is impossible to describe. There is movement always; groups of people are occupied in speech or otherwise. Its details certainly cannot be conveyed by description. When wisdom is conveyed by words, the action and story being only incidental, a so-called great dramatic poem like this stand by itself and can be possessed only at first hand by the reader.

BULLETIN OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations. Issued by the Library, October, 1915. Vol. 19, No. 10.

The list of American dramas in the library occupies forty-eight pages, and seems to include every important play that has been published in the last few years as well as many unimportant ones. There are other lists and matters of information, including recent accessions of books on the European war.

THE SERPENT OF OLD NILE. By John Armstrong Chaloner. Palmetto Press: Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina.

The volume also contains "The Hazard of the Die." Both concern Julius Caesar. Mr. Chaloner will be remembered as the originator of the saying: "Who's looney now?" Both these plays are in blank verse.

A WOMAN'S WAY. In three acts. By Thompson Buchanan. Introduction by Walter Prichard Eaton. Vol. 13 of the Drama League Series of Plays. Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City.

Thompson Buchanan won lasting distinction with this play. It is pleasant to note the activity, as seen in the publications by various houses, in giving permanent form to American plays worth the while.

THE THIEF. By Henry Bernstein. A play in three acts. Translated by John Alan Haughton. With an introduction by Professor Richard Burton. Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City.

Mme. Simone first played the part of the wife, who commits theft in order to provide herself with the means to keep herself attractive to her husband and retain his love. Margaret Illington was successful in the play in New York. This publication is the tenth volume in the Drama League Series of Plays.

THE PHOTO DRAMA—ITS PLACE AMONG THE FINE ARTS. By William Morgan Hannon. The Ruskin Press, New Orleans.

Mr. Hannon is the scenario editor of the Nola Film Company. In forty-nine pages he establishes the right of the art of the photo drama to a place among the fine arts; in other words, that it has a field of its own, facilities and possibilities of its own. He has written entertainingly and without claiming too much. The little volume also contains "Weighing Wilson," an estimate of the President, and "Advice to a Young Lawyer."

THE MYSTERY OF A PYRAMID. By Frances A. Hood. Published by the author, 523 West Avenue, South, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

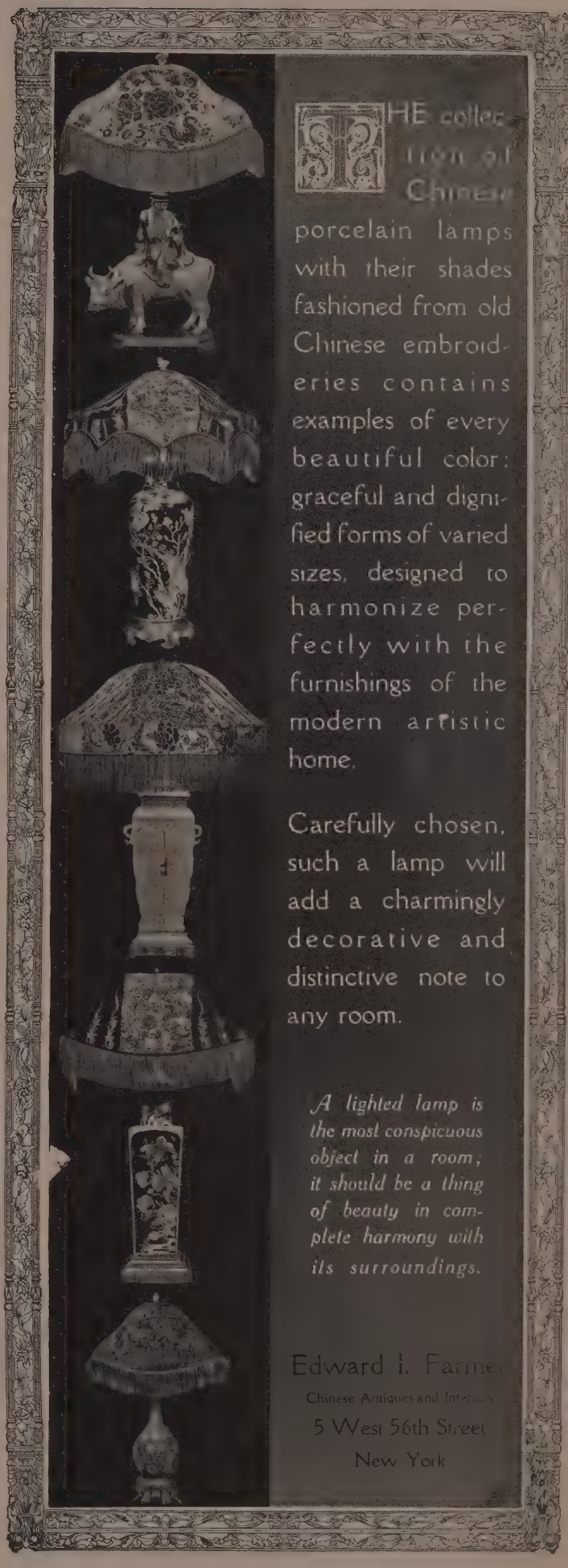
A short story of romantic and poetic intent, with the scenes laid in the valley of the Nile. In a foreword the author requests the reader to "look carefully, as he progresses through its pages, and see if among them he can detect the rythm; requiring a transposition of words at times in order that it may be attained."

THE ACTRESS. By Frank Owen. Broadway Publishing Co., 835 Broadway, N. Y.

Two stories are added, "Berenice of Constantine" and "The Doormat." They have some force and are agreeably written.

THE TRAIL OF THE TORCH. In four acts. By Paul Hervieu. Translated by John Alan Haughton. Introduction by Brander Mathews. Doubleday, Page and Company, Garden City. Vol. 12 in the Drama League Series of Plays.

It would seem to demonstrate that a mother loves her own child better than her own mother, and that the child, in turn, looks to the love of the moment and of the future. Thus the Torch of Life is carried forward.



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The New Plays

(*Continued from page 126*)

ASTOR. "THE COHAN REVUE, 1916." Musical revue by George M. Cohan. Produced on February 9th with this cast:

The Jester, John Hendricks; Captain Jones, Walter Brazil; Colonel Smith, John Boyle; Andrew Overdraft, Harry Bulger; H. H. Hobson, James C. Marlowe; Mrs. Andrew Overdraft, Elizabeth Murray; R. J. Carroll, Percy Ames; Major Barbara, Lila Rhodes; Stephen Overdraft, Frederic Santley; Billy Holliday, Harry Delf; Dr. Booberang, Richard Carle; Jane Clay, Valli Valli; Emily Stevenson, Miss Juliet; Jean Paurel, Charles Winninger; Young America, Little Billy; Jasper, Alfred Latell; Sadie Love, Alice Harris; Victory, Dorothy Jane Londoner; Defeat, Anita Elson; The God of War, George Fredericks.

With "The Cohan Revue, 1916," the rollicking new musical show at the Astor, George M. Cohan has scored another success. It is safe to predict it will fill the playhouse for many months to come. Burlesquing the Broadway successes, it is chiefly for the theatrically sophisticated. Bright, witty, abounding in clever quips, it kept the first-night audience in constant laughter. All the well-known characters from the season's plays are represented. There is Jane Clay—but not of the Common Clays—Billy Holliday, the bartender-evangelist, Major Barbara's father, Andrew Overdraft, Dr. Booberang, and other favorites. Charles Winninger in an impersonation of Leo Ditrichstein scored an artistic hit; Valli Valli was pleasing and danced prettily; James C. Marlowe scored as the bibulous shoemaker of "Hobson's Choice," and Miss Juliet gave an admirable imitation of Emily Stevens in "The Unchastened Woman." Taking all in all, it is a clever musical hodge-podge.

FRENCH THEATRE. More power to the Théâtre Français of New York which, after a very successful run of fifteen weeks, already announces its reopening next season with a very ambitious program. It has been a long time since New York has had an opportunity to applaud so many French plays in the original language, and to get acquainted with the works of the dramatists of the modern French school. When one realizes that in these fifteen weeks the management has produced no fewer than twenty-one plays, one is permitted to wonder why we can't make as good a showing on our own stage. Such a record is food for American managers and stock companies.

Among the new artists that have lately joined the Théâtre Français forces, Mlle. Yvonne Garrick is the most valuable addition. The plays staged include: "Arsène Lupin," "La Sacrifiée," "Mon Ami Teddy," "Divorçons," "Blanchette," "Son Homme," "La Princesse Georges," "La Souris," "Mlle. Josette ma Femme," "L'Abbé Constantin."

Diaghileff's Ballet Russe

(*Continued from page 128*)

"Petrouchka" and "L'Oiseau de Feu" by Stravinsky, "Pavillon d'Armide" by Tchérepnine, "Carnaval" by Schumann, and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" by Debussy. Acting upon a complaint received the New York public authorities insisted upon slight changes in the "business" of the last-named ballet and also of "Schéhérazade." The repertoire will be extended upon the return visit in April when they will fulfill an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House for one month.

Of the individual dancers, Leonide Massin, Adolph Bolm and Lydia Lopokova were most admired.

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New Victor Records

It is always a pleasure to hear the masterful interpretations of artists famous in the world of song. The concert appearances of such favorites as Braslau, Culp, Gluck, McCormack and Schumann-Heink, never fail to bring out hosts of music lovers, and the performances of Alda, Hempel, Martinelli and Ruffo on the operatic stage charm thousands of other enthusiasts in the big musical centres. All the artists mentioned are among the contributors to the new February list of Victor Records.

"Bid Me Good-Bye" is the number chosen by Sophie Braslau for her new record. Julia Culp presents Schubert's "In the Sunset Glow." Alma Gluck and Paul Reimers give another of their delightful duets of German folk-songs, the selection being the familiar tale of Hans and Lisa. John McCormack is heard in a charming song, "When the Dew is Falling," and also sings that immensely popular song, "A Little Bit of Heaven."

Schumann-Heink renders one of her favorites, the simple and dignified "Sapphic Ode" of Brahms, and her singing is all but incomparable. Frances Alda sings Dell' Acqua's "Chanson Provencale." *Advt.*

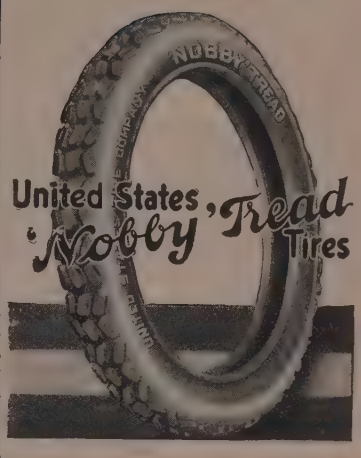
New Columbia Records

The headliner of the Columbia List for March is two Wagnerian Orchestral ensembles—The Processional March from Tannhäuser, and the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin.

Equally delightful to music lovers is the announcement of the first recordings by the Trio de Lutèce. Each member of this trio is a soloist and their first selections include Tschaikowsky's "Song Without Words" and Widor's "Serenade."

Oscar Seagle, famous baritone, sings the "Lead Kindly Light" and "Nearer My God to Thee," and Morgan Kingston, famous Welsh tenor sings Sullivan's "Once Again," containing some of his most beautiful bel canto passages and Adam's "Roses."

Roy Atwell, famous at present in "Alone At Last," records his laugh provoking "Some Little Bug Is Going to Find You," and another musical monologue "It's An Awful Thing to Not Know Where You Are." *Advt.*



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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

Miss Ruth Shepley and the evening frock of yellow taffeta in which she originally appeared at the opening of "The Boomerang." The bodice is simple as you see and the skirt cut full and very short. Later the dress was copied in yellow Panne velvet and just recently scrapped to make way for a third lest Miss Shepley fail to give her public the very freshest note in fashions.

A chiffon petticoat peeps beneath the fullness of the turquoise blue moiré frock Miss Shepley has chosen for her latest. Flowing wing sleeves partly conceal the tight fitting silver net ones beneath, and capacious pockets entirely conceal—well—ask Miss Shepley—

Miss Shepley had the white chiffon collar, cuffs and fichu embroidered in Louisiana, so she added dark blue crêpe de chine and a few new ideas in drapings and achieved this "so different" frock.

NOT every actress is giving away interviews at ten o'clock in the morning. If ten A. M. is not regarded by the majority of actresses as being still well within the middle of the night it is at least pretty early rising for people whose work so encroaches on the hours at the other end of the clock.

Yet ten A. M. was the time Miss Ruth Shepley chose for my appointment with her. I suppose the fact that it was of a Monday, with no performance the night before, accounted for it in part. Still in spite of that one wasn't unprepared for the presence of a solemn old bull terrier in the blue and yellow living-room of Miss Shepley's apartment, nor the canary in his yellow cage trying to burst his little yellow throat, nor the shades pushed to the tops of the windows letting in the morning light, nor, finally, when Miss Shepley appeared, apologizing at being three minutes behind time, for her alertness, her quick bird-like movements, her general wide-awakeness. Somehow all those things seemed to be in keeping with one's preconceived deduction as to what the lady-of-ten-o'clock interview and her surroundings would be like.

In passing on to Miss Shepley's clothes I wonder if there was any connection between the high-pushed curtains and an unimpeachable pink and white out-of-door, let-the-light-in complexion? Not all of us can afford to indulge our predilections. Not all of us, alas, can look equally well in jungle and parlor.

YELLOW AND TURQUOISE

Miss Shepley was making a change in her "Boomerang" evening frock, the third this season. The first, in which she is photographed here, was of yellow taffeta, the bodice simple as you may see and the skirt cut very full and very short. The second was an exact copy of the first, except that the material was yellow panne velvet. And the third, which was just about to appear, and which we sketched, was the climax of the three. One of those frocks which make you thoroughly green and

Clothes Seen On The Stage

covetous. The silk, in a soft turquoise blue shade, as if to match Miss Shepley's eyes, had a moiré background across which ran a satin stripe and a slender white stripe in turn through that. Texture and color alone were quite sufficient to make the frock, and the dressmaker wisely realizing the fact had cut it on the simplest lines. A skirt gathered very full over a tucked chiffon petticoat and then looped up into panniers with a pocket tucked into either side! A plain bébé bodice and the most intriguing graceful wing sleeves of chiffon falling over tight under-sleeves of silver net fastened with silver ribbon! *Voilà tout!*—yet quite the prettiest frock take it all in all that I've encountered this season.

MISS SHEPLEY BELIEVES IN PREPAREDNESS

Though we were still a bit this side of Spring Miss Shepley had already received a most fascinating consignment of embroidered materials from a Louisville woman to be made up into Summer frocks. (And as the order had been given a month ago that meant even more forehandedness on the lady's part.) There was an imported Japanese crêpe in salmon pink embroidered in white and outlined in black: and two English crashes to be made up with regular blue and white and red and white cross-barred towelling, embroidered respectively in their own colors, one for Miss Shepley and one to be given away. And lastly there was a dark blue crêpe de chine, the model for which, we chose to sketch, with collars, cuffs, and surplice of embroidered white chiffon.

For her own clothes Miss Shepley prefers pastel shades. She professes herself as quite untouched by any Russian atmospheres.

"I have a red evening gown," she said, "but I never feel right in it. If I have white or black or some inconspicuous color I always feel much better."

"How about pet dressmakers, Miss Shepley, to go a bit farther afield?"

Miss Shepley shook her head. "I have none," she confessed. "Such wonderful things can be bought in the stores ready-made."

Whereupon my sketcher and I departed to bag a few.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

White chiffon with lines of dark blue embroidery is combined with dark blue satin of the softest quality in this Bonwit Teller frock. Skirt and surplice fashioned bodice are coincidently much after the pattern of Miss Shepley's blue crêpe de chine.

Midway between a Russian Blouse and a Peasant's smock, a soft grey-brown velvet ribbon prevents this rose-colored taffetas gown from being either or both. Two bands of the same useful velvet restrict the limitations of the skirt. Russek.

A silver braid points the daintiness of a salmon pink net dance frock tinkling with silver tassels. Beneath the skirt's flower-like petals an under petticoat of silver lace glistens. Folds of salmon-pink taffetas swathe the waist and serve the twofold purpose of bodice and belt.

We were so taken with the grace and charm of the chiffon wing sleeves on Miss Shepley's turquoise blue moiré that when we saw another pair on a Russek model we promptly snared it. Grey satin embroidered in dark blue makes it a safe venture for most complexions.

Louise Dresser who, as Ruth Snyder in "Potash and Perlmutter," afforded pleasure to so many audiences, is now appearing with her usual success as Mrs. Perlmutter in "Potash and Perlmutter in Society." Miss Dresser is shown wearing a Knox creation.

© Ira L. Hill

The Tempestuous Petticoat—

AS Mr. dead-and-gone Robert Herrick prettily said of it, come these four centuries "a winning wave, deserving note." In this spring season of 1916 the petticoat distinctly "deserves note," and the importance that its "winning waves," to say nothing of its flowing flounces and roguish reeds, are assuming as a factor of dress, comes as a distinct revelation.

To take the most extreme of its manifestations, glance at the sketch in the centre of this page of the Harem or Turkish or Dutch trouser petticoat. These are merely my own descriptive attempts. Madame Buyer at Altman & Co., where all the petticoats of the article were seen, introduced it as "the copy of an import." With its full taffeta skirt pulled into a hair-cloth at the bottom, and its own lining of china silk, it is almost dressy enough to be dignified as a real honest-to-goodness skirt. And, in fact, it does closely parallel the one on Miss Shepley's blue moiré frock. Like that it has pockets, real, "practical" pockets, gathered round a cord and pointed with a rosette. And what would one want with pockets in a petticoat? Oh, I don't know. For an extra handkerchief, or a bit of change, or a papier poudré. Anyway, the whole creation is the newest thing from Paris, and being so can be had as yet only in black and white.

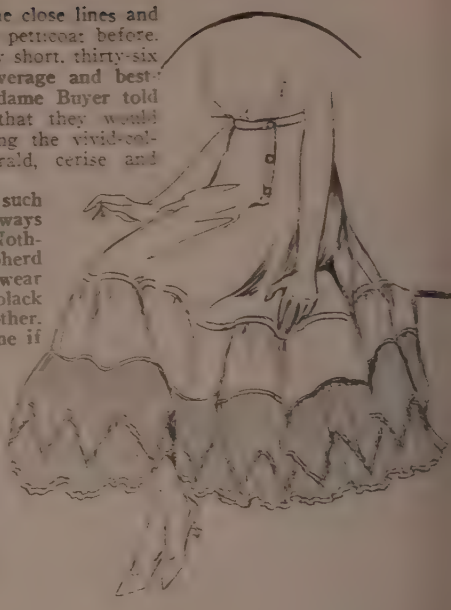
Next in pretention comes a petticoat, taffeta-yoked, with a deep chiffon flounce made to stand out buoyantly all around by means of alternate rows of taffeta cording and taffeta milliner's folds. This, too, was an import. Were its cunningly amalgamated forces of softness and crispness intended to obscure the fact of its strong flavor of crinoline? Are the makers of fashions trying to put something over by first taking us off our guard?

The house of Altman, at any rate, found such a strong call for a petticoat to hold out the modern dancing frock that they made up a special and altogether adorable model in net, chiffon and crêpe de chine, with a reed around the bottom. Crêpe de chine forms the top, the body is of net and the ruffles of chiffon. It comes in evening colors of pink, blue and white.

Another special of the house which is made up in a wide variety of colors is called the "all-Jersey skirt," the top, the bottle ruffle and the Van Dyke over-pleating each being of the Jersey material. It does not belong to the same branch of the family as the aforementioned petticoats, but is intended for the conservative, a sort of try-out for those who still cling to the close lines and have not favored a petticoat before.

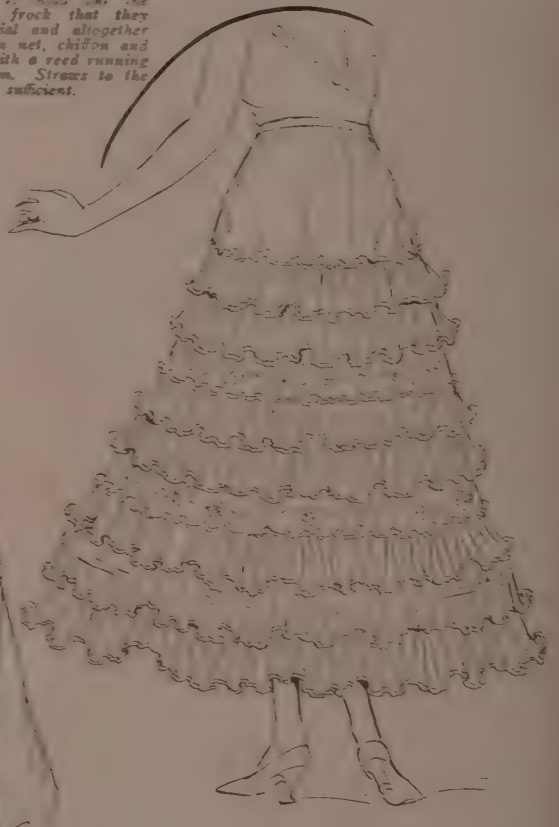
All skirts are very short, thirty-six inches being the average and best-selling length. Madame Buyer told me in conclusion that they would sell again this spring the vivid-colored ones in emerald, cerise and purple.

"A season of black and white such as we shall have," she said, "always means the bright taffeta skirt. Nothing looks so well with the Shepherd checks. It's a great mistake to wear a black and white skirt with a black and white suit. One kills the other. We never let a customer buy one if we learn her fell purpose before she escapes."



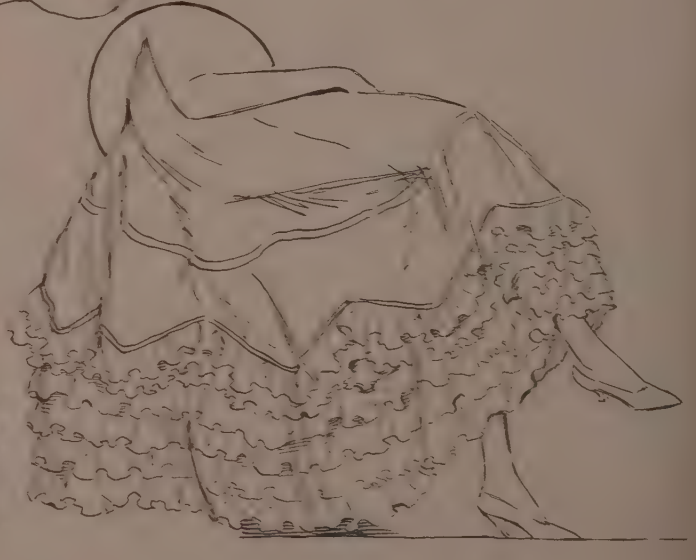
A special feature of the Altman house on "all-Jersey skirts," the bottom ruffle and Van Dyke over-pleating which comes in a wide variety of street colors at $5.75. It is intended for the conservative or those who are trying out the wearing of a petticoat for the first time in years, and wish to play safe.

Altman found such a strong call for a petticoat to hold out the modern dancing frock that they made up a special and altogether adorable model in net, chiffon and crêpe de chine, with a reed running around the bottom. Straws to the wise are sufficient.



A Harem or Turkish or Dutch trouser petticoat, what you will. Madame Buyer at Altman & Co. introduced it as "the copy of an import." Don't miss the pockets, real "practicable" pockets. What for? Oh, for an extra handkerchief, or a powder puff or any old thing.

A petticoat, white taffeta-yoked, with a deep chiffon flounce made to stand out buoyantly by means of alternate rows of taffeta cording and taffeta milliner's folds. The chiffon is to disarm you and let the petticoat get over by obscuring the fact that it's "mighty lak" a crinoline. "Soft but stiff" as it might have been O.—Henried.



"Taffeta is going up, up, up". Still in spite of that Altman keep a simple skirt of the material in stock at a uniform price of $5.75. This one (at the right) sketched was in deep purple, but it comes in all the most smart shades, especially the blues. Ocean, Sea-foam, Sailors' blue. You should have one in a bright color to go with a new Shepherd plaid suit.

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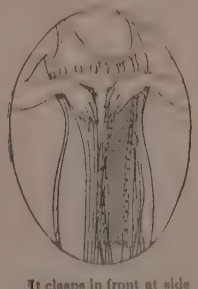

It clasps in front at side of lacing as shown above

It laces directly in front as shown above

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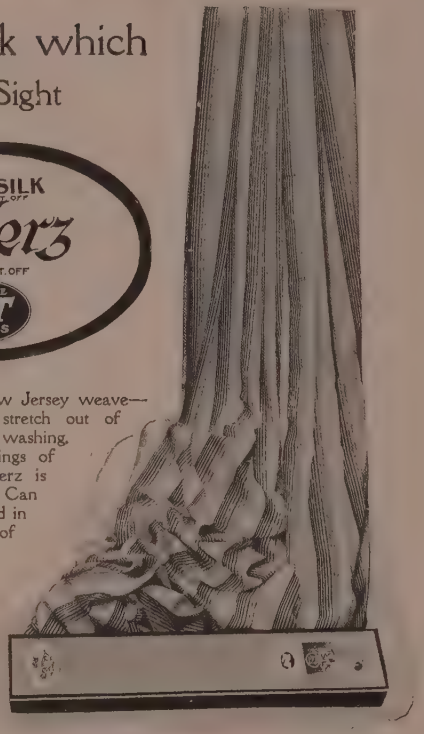

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Springtime In Blouseland

When every tiny stitch in every tiny tuck and seam is made by hand, and embroidery carefully built block by block, and moreover comes straight from France, it is moderately priced at $14.50.

The softness of flesh-colored Georgette crêpe lends itself particularly well to the frilliness of a blouse with a jabot effect. The edges of the waist below are softened in scallops bound in silk.

ALTHOUGH the Stage is the great Mirror of Fashion, it seldom reveals in its enchanting reflections one of the most distinctive features of the feminine wardrobe—the blouse—and so we must turn to the wardrobes of some of those stars whose personal clothes are as clever as her stage wardrobe to steal a hint or two on what is most effective and desirable in separate blouses.

The color note runs high in springtime blouses, although I am told that on account of the American dyes these waists absolutely will not launder. Still, being washable is not really an essential point in a blouse. The chiffon crêpe and lace blouses of seasons past were not washable, either, and we have grown quite accustomed to depending on the services of the professional cleaner to keep our waists fresh.

New blue, which is really a very old blue—the vivid brilliant blue of ancient Chinese lacquer and old blue, a new, misty grayish blue—run neck and neck in the color race to a lovely deep rose, the color of crushed raspberries.

Most of the collars frankly roll away at the throat, a high neck-line being the exception, not the rule. It looks as if it were going to be a most comfortable spring, with low collars and warm weather coming together!

The English fashion of wearing posies stands sponsor for the most delightfully prim bouquet made from the tender-colored petals of many tiny flowers. It is not only called "Piccadilly," but actually labeled so, the name boldly printed in gold on one of its ribbon streamers.

Some of them are made to assume quite a trim and military air by the introduction of darker-hued blossoms and are extremely smart on a severe tailleur.

The fastening on this rose-colored Georgette crêpe blouse is a mysterious affair for it buttons on both sides of its odd criss-cross vest. Collar, cuffs and buttons of white satin. $5.00.

A lovely pink rose for the central motif, surrounded with circles of contrasting color and leaves creates a delightful addition to a sun-shiny walk up the Avenue. $2.95.

Since little shoulder capes are so smart, and since white taffetas piping is such a pretty trimming for a maize crêpe de chine blouse, this one adopted both and can be purchased for $5.00.

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For the convenience of persons desiring to secure some of the issues of the THEATRE MAGAZINE for 1915 we give herewith a partial list of the contents of these numbers.

Portraits of Lou-Tellegen, Marjorie Rambeau, Enrico Caruso, Geraldine Farrar, Sophie Braslau, Frances Alda, Emily Stevens, Lily Cahill, Brieux, Julia Dean, Ernest Glendinning, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Ruth Shepley, etc., etc.

Scenes from "The Debutante," "The Lilac Domino," "Across the Border," "Pilate's Daughter," "Polygamy," "The Girl of the Golden West," "Outcast," "Life," "The Big Idea," etc.

Articles: "Dramatic Criticism—What It Is and What It Should Be," "A New Carmen at the Opera," "In Filmland," "Grand Opera Beyond the Curtain Line," "Brieux—Playwright and Propagandist," "America's First Exhibition of the New Stage craft," "Chez Maurice," "The Art of Ernest Glendinning," "Ellen Terry's Niece Upholds the Family Traditions," "Prize Plays," "Judy On and Off the Stage."

JANUARY. The cover: MARY PICKFORD.

Portraits of Alice Brady, Granville Barker, Elizabeth Schumann, Raymonde Delaunois, Margarete Ober, Pasquale Amato, Irving Berlin, Marie Tempest, Ann Murdock, Mr. and Mrs. William Faversham, Jacob Adler, Pauline Frederick, Violet Heming, Donald Macdonald, Kenneth Douglas, Elsie Macray, Ernest Torrence, etc., etc.

Scenes from "Hello Broadway," "Children of Earth," "The Silent Voice," "To-night's the Night," "The Show Shop," "The Lie," "Secret Strings," "Maternity," "Watch Your Step," "The Song of Songs," "Across the Border," "In Colony Times," etc.

Articles: "Granville Barker May Head the New Theatre Here," "Death of Mme. Gerville-Reache," "Revival of 'Euryanthe' at the Metropolitan," "Irving Berlin—A Restless Success," "Film Plays and Players," "A Morning Chat With Marie Tempest on Comedy," "The Passing of Wallack's," "War Plays," "The Theatre of the Ghetto," "Kenneth Douglas Visits Our Stage," "Brown University Revives an Old Comedy," "Some Recent Hits."

FEBRUARY. The cover: MARTHA HEDMAN.

© Ira L. Hill

Portraits of Anna Pavlowa, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Alla Nazimova, Geraldine Farrar, Robert Mantell, Nora Bayes, Lew Fields, Blanche Sweet, Betty Nansen, Blanche Ring, Louise Dresser, Lenora Ulrich, Florence Nash, Augustin Daly, Mlle. Dazie, William Courtenay, Marilynn Miller, Elsie Ferguson, Irene Fenwick, etc., etc.

Scenes from "L'Oracolo," "Androcles and the Lion," "The White Feather," "The Clever Ones," "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," "War Brides," "Mme. Sans-Gêne," "'90 in the Shade," "The Shadow," "Du Barry," "Marie-Odile," "The Show Shop," etc.

Articles: "The Story of the Castles," by Mrs. Castle's mother, "Mme. Nazimova in 'War Brides,'" "World Premiere of 'Mme. Sans-Gêne,'" "Robert Mantell—Last of the Heroic Shakespearean Actors," "What I Want to Do," by Lew Fields, "Stage Versus Screen," "Between the First Rehearsal and the Last," "A Child's Memory of Augustin Daly," "My First Lines," "Clothes Seen on the Stage."

MARCH. The cover: MRS. VERNON CASTLE.

Portraits of Helen Ware, Maude Adams, Frances Starr, Pauline Frederick, William Faversham, Lucrezia Bori, Melanie Kurt, Katherine Emmet, Jane Cowl, Bertha Kalich, Gilda Varesi, Patricia Collinge, Margaret Illington, Frances Starr, etc., etc.

Scenes from "Fads and Fancies," "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "The Trap," "The Ladies' Shakespeare," "The Clever Ones," "Inside the Lines," "The Peasant Girl," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Birth of a Nation," etc.

Articles: "How Frances Starr Trained for the Rôle of a Nun," "Chrystal Herne—A Versatile Actress," "Millionaire Homes in Filmland," "At the Opera," "What European Conditions Have Done for Music in America," "Melanie Kurt—A Study," "Theatre Tickets at Cut Rates," "A Woman Who Picks Successful Plays," "When They Were Twenty-one," "In English More or Less," "Barker's New Shakespearean Spectacles," "New Art Theatres in New York," "Recent Stage Hits," "The Birth of a Nation," "Footlight Fashions."

APRIL. The cover: CHRYSTAL HERNE.

Portraits of Isadora Duncan's dancers, De Wolf Hopper, Vivian Tobin, Sara Jewett, Eugene Walter, Nicholas Hannen, Universal City, Margaret Anglin, Mary and Florence Nash at home, Beatrice Maude, Lillah McCarthy, Elsie Janis, Kay Laurell, Mrs. Vernon Castle, Mollie King, Leading moving picture producers, etc., etc.

Scenes from "The Bubble," "The Victim," "Alice in Wonderland," "A Celebrated Case," "The Revolt," "Taking Chances," "Two Blind Beggars and One Less Blind," "Moondown," "The Shepherd in the Distance," "The Natural Law," etc.

Articles: "A Real Alice in Wonderland," "A Famous Broadway Premiere of Forty Years Ago," "Vicissitudes of a Playwright—Eugene Walter," "The High Cost of Stage Beauty," "New York's Littlest Theatre," "Fortunes Made from Nickels and Dimes in Filmland," "New Scenic Art of the Theatre," "Behind the Scenes with Mrs. Granville Barker," "The Original Toy Theatre," "Patriotic Plays That Aroused the War Spirit in Europe," "My First Lines," "The Washington Square Players," "To Abolish Cut Rate Theatre Tickets," "Footlight Fashions," "A Country Wide Shakespearian Festival," "Svengali's Impersonator Talks of Trilby's First Night."

MAY. The cover: GENEVIEVE HAMPER as Juliet.

Portraits of Laura Walker, Emanuel Reicher, C. C. N. Y. Stadium, Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, Chinese dinner given in honor of Ellen Terry, Artur Bodansky, Geraldine Farrar, Charles Klein, Carlotta Monterey, Blanche Bates, Marguerite Leslie, Emma Dunn, Irene Fenwick at home, Carrol McComas, Anne Caldwell, Frances Pritchard, Fay Compton, Fred Stone, Louise Dresser, etc., etc.

Scenes from "A Modern Eve," "A Full House," "A Miracle of St. Anthony," "Beverly's Balance," "Nobody Home," "The Hyphen," "Chin-Chin," etc.

Articles: "Greek Tragedies in C. C. N. Y. Stadium," "Charles Frohman Lost on the *Lusitania*," "Charles Frohman—The Man and the Manager," "The Stratford-on-Avon Players," "Vicissitudes of a Playwright—Charles Klein," "Writing a Moving Picture Scenario," "Discouragements," "A Female David Warfield," "The Only Woman Librettist in America," "When They Were Twenty-One," "Fred Stone—A Master of Make-Up," "Footlight Fashions."

JUNE. The cover: MARY FULLER.

Any of these numbers will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of 35 Cents. Address

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

Subscription Department

8 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City

"Out of China Cross the Bay"

East meets West when electric lights gleam under a pagoda! A delicately wrought Cloisonne vase with creepy dragons in gold and blue is mounted on a metal lotus base. The blue shade is shaped like the roof of a temple and is embroidered in gold.

OF the East, eastern is the quaint little reception hall wherein one is ushered on visiting a clever Lady of Stageland in her New York apartment. Not the stuffy, incense-laden, heavy Orientalism one is apt to find in American transplantations of Asiatic settings, but by the clever arrangement of a splendid Chinese lamp, a tiny teakwood table, some bits of sixteenth century, hand-woven velvets and a funny black lacquered bench, little Miss "Footlight" has managed to convey an atmosphere as truly Oriental as a Temple of Buddha.

The dominant note is, of course, the lamp. As rare a treasure as this would dominate anywhere. Enthroned on the teakwood table, on a four-hundred-year-old hand-woven prayer rug, a dainty, almond-eyed lady, with a Mona Lisa scrutiny, lives under her coral-colored shade in utter disregard of the two electric lights gleaming directly over her head.

Of rare Chinese porcelain, her long, graceful, white draperies and gold ornaments glow in the rose-dimmed light as only the wonderful glaze on Chinese pottery can glow. A fleck of coral here and there in the lotus in which the lady is standing, and the coral drops on her neck fixings, are the reasons for the coral color scheme in the shade. The owner of this mystic beauty is very enthusiastic about the shop in which it was bought. "I spent days there," she said, "browsing among rare Chinese treasures. For not only do they sell lamps, but every conceivable Chinese antique.

"In rooms guarded by iron dragons and resplendent in real temple hangings are wonderful cabinets filled with rows of shimmering, many-colored glass vases, and pottery with that fine iridescent glaze, the secret of which has been buried for centuries.

"Here is an Aladdin's cave of precious treasure, and, like Aladdin, I found it through a lamp!"

A lamp with a lighted base is this Chinese Porcelain one in which the dominant color of its "Mille Fleur" design seems to be a chrysanthemum—lavender—pink. Probably this inspired the color and shape of the shade.

Although it looks like stone, this lamp is really porcelain in a dull oyster white. The shade is an excellent old Chinese brocade in the same tone of white and a rare dull blue.

An old Flambe glaze in purple and blue and gray makes us more than ever lament the fact that the art of making the old fine iridescent glaze on pottery is lost to us.

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(Excerpt from a lecture given by Mme. Rubinstein, the European Beauty Consultant).

Mme. Rubinstein counsels also by correspondence, although she prefers, where possible, to meet her inquirers. All letters receive her personal attention.

Photo Ira Hill

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Friday Night

Dearest Mumsey:

Such a lot to tell you and no time, as the "Goodnight" bell will ring any moment. Although I am back at school two whole days now, I'm not over that wonderful day in New York yet, and I do hope you will let me go again real soon.

Aunt Sue was waiting for me at the station with a nice youngish girl, just about my own age. She had the sweetest smile and we got on splendidly, and she is going to write me and I am going to write her and visit her, too, during vacations; that is, of course, if you are willing.

Her mother is a great and gorgeous actress, and Aunt Sue knows them quite well, and Vera, that's the daughter, you know, says she is going to be a great actress, too.

Anyway, she had on the duckiest suit! O, Mother, I *must* have one just like it. Her mother picked it out for her in one of the great New York Department Stores. It was blue gabardine with a vest and collar of a grayish white pebbly linen, and it tied in front with a sailor's knot and had a regular hide and seek belt that threaded in and out and disappeared entirely across the back, leaving the coat hanging quite loose. Don't you think it would be *nice* for a girl like me to wear such a suit?

After we lunched in one of the dearest tea-rooms, that had once been somebody's stables a great many years ago, we made a tour of the shops.

Such wonder shops, Mumsey! And such heaps of frillies! I think Fifth Avenue is a delightful place, and I wish we could live nearer to it than Connecticut.

In one of the stores they have a special department for fitting out girls of my age. Aunt Sue allowed us to stay there quite a long time, and I saw two dresses that I simply *must* have.

I have pasted in the pictures of the ones I really need Mumsey. Please be a dear and get them for me, won't you? I told Vera you always tried to have me look the nicest possible.

From your loving daughter,

ALBERTINE.

The suit Vera wore was really a copy of an imported model. The skirt was full and gathered into an odd belt and the jacket was built on age sixteen, lines and becomingness—Price $29.50.

With this she sported a dull blue Faille silk hat, faced in cretonne and bound in straw braid. $10.50.

If one is sweet sixteen and madly addicted to rose-color then one's wardrobe must certainly contain a taffetas frock like this one, the color of a summer dawn. The basque and fitted belt and peplum are as grown-upish as you please, but the lines are distinctly Jeune Fille. $22.50.

Gaily besprinkled with tiny flecks of colored flowers, a silky crêpe dress is frilled at the throat and waist and sleeves and again just below the hip-line. Two rows of French blue velvet ribbon outline its Georgette crêpe cape and appear again at the throat in a bow and streamers. $27.50.

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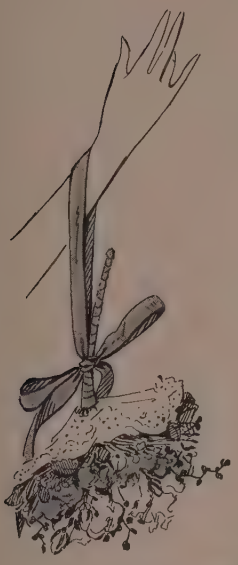
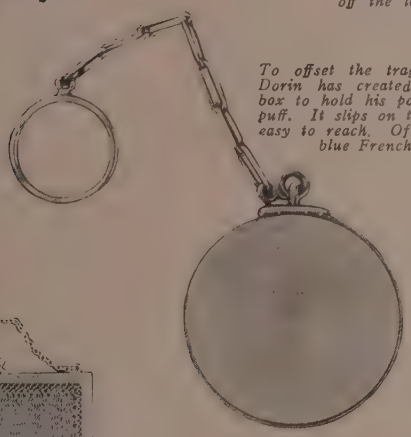
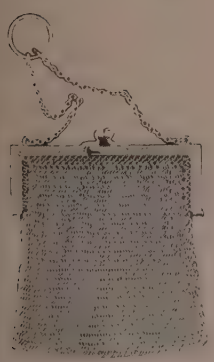


Beauty of design and an excellent time piece are an ideal but rare combination in a wrist watch bracelet. In this one, an odd blue French Enamel covers the former while a splendid fifteen jewel watch ticks off the latter. $17.50.



To offset the tragedy of a shiny nose, Dorin has created this delightful vanity box to hold his powder cakes and a tiny puff. It slips on the finger and is always easy to reach. Of sterling silver gilt and blue French Enamel. $3.95.



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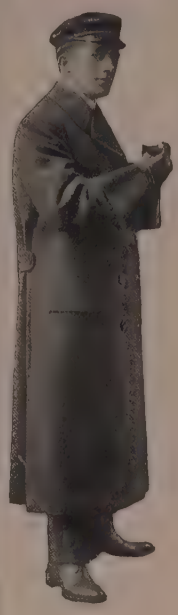

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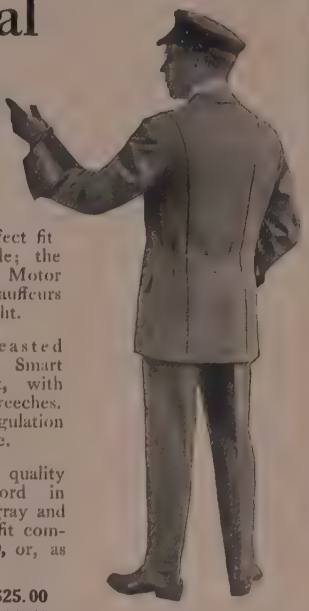

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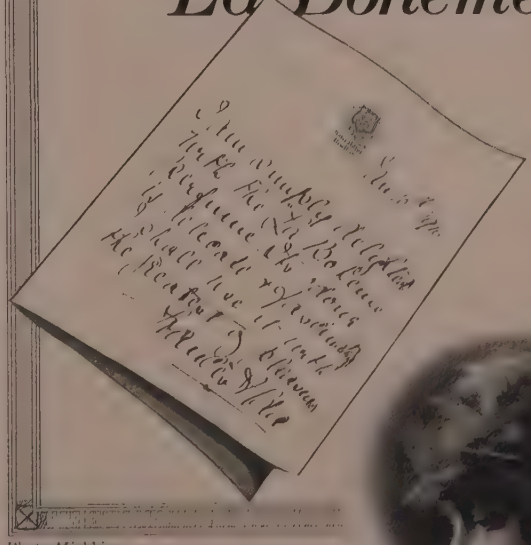

Photo Mishkin

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A Special Shakespeare Number

in celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary

1616

1916

¶ The entire English-speaking world is making elaborate preparations to commemorate the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's death which occurred April 23, 1616.

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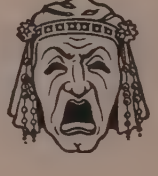
¶ Special articles on Shakespeare will be contributed by famous Shakespeare scholars and critics:

¶ Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Jr., will contribute an article on the Shakespeare gloves now in his possession. These are the closest personal relics of Shakespeare in existence.

¶ Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, author of "The Servant in the House" will contribute an article on Henry Irving's prompt book of "Macbeth" with facsimile markings.

¶ Mr. William Winter, the veteran critic, Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, Robert Mantell, the well-known Shakespearian tragedian, Edith Wynne Matthison, Percy MacKaye, and others will also be represented.

¶ A wonderful Shakespeare issue which no theatre lover can afford to miss.



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SCENE FROM THE CRITERION SHOW PRESENTED IN NEWARK RECENTLY

On January 30th, the Criterion Club repeated its theatrical successes by the presentation at the Shubert Theatre, Newark, of a musical comedy and vaudeville performance. The show followed to some extent the magazine scene presented in "Stop, Look, Listen!" but in this instance THE THEATRE MAGAZINE was selected among all publications as the proper background. In this scene the man has just been singing *"I Fell In Love With the Girl on the Cover of The Theatre."*

The Actor's Voice

A GOOD voice is a large part of an actor's capital. Not only singers and orators benefit by cultivating the vocal powers; all actors may increase their efficiency by training and care of the voice. Many fail to appreciate this fact.

Culture of the voice adds to its adaptability; and this is important, because in the various rôles an actor is called upon to assume, many different qualities of tone are required. Distinct enunciation and a good "reach" in the voice have popularized some stage artists when nearly everything else was against them. Three-fourths of any actor's "stage presence" is lost if the audience cannot hear and understand his speech, and when opera "fans" tell the truth they confess that they like best the singers whom they can understand, even though they happen not to be stars.

The prevalent belief that voice improvement is impossible without long and expensive schooling under professional teachers is erroneous. Certainly such instruction is a fine thing; avail yourself of it if you can; but if for any reason you cannot, don't give up. For all practical purposes, particularly for the speaking voice, you will find a course of self-training and care very effective.

The foundation of a strong, pure voice is sound health; the more perfect your general physical condition the stronger the voice. It is impossible to retain a powerful voice for any length of time when the health is allowed to deteriorate. Like all other parts of the body, the larynx or voice-box and its accessories, the windpipe, lungs, breathing muscles, pharynx, nasal passages and mouth, are dependent for their health on the character and amount of blood given them by the digestive and assimilative processes.

When the organic functions are sluggish from lack of exercise, from dissipation, overwork or any of numerous other causes nutrition is imperfect and the muscles of the larynx and of respiration rapidly lose resilience and endurance. Along with imperfect digestion, there always come difficulties of elimination which result in colds, catarrh and huskiness of the voice. Singers, more than any other class, should aim at perfect health; without it they seldom succeed.

The writer need not touch on the rationale of voice-production; that is a technical phase. It is necessary to present only sidelights that are often overlooked. Training of the voice alone, without other considerations, is very apt to end in failure.

Have you ever noticed that persons with strong, melodious voices are invariably nose-breathers? Watch them in repose and you will see one good reason for the exceptional clearness and volume of their tones. Habitual mouth-breathing develops enlarged tonsils which fill up the throat and offer an ideal abode for catarrhal accretions. Mouth-breathing is injurious to the whole respiratory tract; Nature meant for cold air to be warmed and cleansed in the nasal passages before entering the bronchi; otherwise the voice mechanism is chilled, vitiated and ultimately distorted.

The care of the throat is important, but it should not be coddled. I have seen singers who kept the throat muffled up nearly the year round. This makes it unduly sensitive. It is well to exercise the neck, for well-developed muscles are necessarily supplied with rich warm blood, and this is the most reliable safeguard against colds. This exercise should not be violent; it may consist of rolling the head forward, backward and from side to side, twisting as far as possible, etc.

L. E. EUBANKS.

Suffragette Operetta

(Continued from page 127)

Mrs. Grundy: "Oh, curiosity is such a comforting passion, the only one which has not grown out of fashion."

Mrs. Malaprop: "People's hair, their teeth, even their eyes, have been known to change color after various intervals of life, but never curiosity, thank heaven."

Mrs. Grundy: "It's nature's legacy to woman."

Mrs. Malaprop: "The only trait in which she is consistent."

The mingling of society and the stage occurred most conspicuously in the cast. The cast was.

Mrs. John Pepper, Marie Dressler; John Pepper, Addison Mizner; Nellie Pepper, Miss Dorothy Biglow, Annie Pepper, Mrs. Idalia Ide; Dolly Pepper, Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant; Polly Pepper, Mme. Frances Alda; Europa Pepper, Mrs. Hutchins; Diana Pepper, Emmy Wehlen; Bessie Pepper, Mrs. Schirmer White; Betsy Pepper; Dorothy Fellowes Gordon, Melinda Pepper, Miss Marie Doro, Mrs. Grundy, Miss Josephine Hall, Mrs Malaprop, Miss Ruth Cunningham; Mayor Doless, Kenneth Hill; Dr. Dolittle, Kenneth Keeling; Rev. Wontstop, Philip Bencard; Mrs. Knowitall, Mrs. Philip Bencard.

Those assisting in small parts, for the most part those of the "thinking" order, were Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, Mrs. Harry Oelrichs, Miss Angelica Brown, Miss Gwendolin King, Misses Adelaide and Eileen Sedgwick, Misses Louise and Marion Trevor, Miss Florence Gilbert and Miss Margaret Ehrhardt. A. P.

A modern parable with a punch!

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3 How many quarts of champagne 400 men will drink at a fancy dress dance at Sherry's.

4 How to enter opera box without embarrassment, and leave it without stumbling.

5 Why the growing vogue of futurist music has been built up on so-called dissonances.

6 How, at a Broadway cabaret, to tell a lady from a chorus girl.

7 What scraps the Freudian theory of dreams can get a good little girl into.

8 How to get into Domino room at Bustanoby's, *after* three A. M.

9 How to work your way, underground, for the four blocks separating the Belmont Hotel from the Manhattan.

10 What is being talked about to-day in the grandest, gloomiest and most marble-and-gold society of America and England.

11 How to worm a private telephone number out of the girl at the telephone central.

12 How to make an orchestra leader in a hotel palm room play Driga's "Serenade" without tipping him.

13 Who wrote the most discussed novels in this country or in England.

BUT, reader, perhaps you will ask: "Who *is* Muriel's little Bird?" Well, that's an easy one. The little bird is only a symbol—a symbol of knowledge, of wisdom, of omniscience. Its real name is Vanity Fair—a magazine that is forever on the wing, that flies everywhere, that unlocks every secret, answers every question, solves every dilemma. It is published monthly at 25 cents a copy, $3 a year.

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How to Decorate and Furnish Your House
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How to Plan and Furnish

House & Garden begins at the logical beginning—the planning of your house. It shows you the proper setting for every type of house—Colonial, English, Half-Timber, Cement, Tudor, Mission, Stucco, Italian, Mexican, Bungalow—even log cabins are not neglected. It tells you about the fire-places, stairways, windows, roofs and porches, advising with you upon every feature—so that when you call in the architect your problem is half solved, and his services are doubly efficient.

The house completed, new problems await you— and here again House & Garden comes as an experienced friend. It takes you into the homes of others, where varied schemes of decoration and furnishing have been employed.

It shows you distinctive effects already achieved, and allows you to make a choice of the best. And, better still, it tells you just how to obtain these effects for yourself.

The Ideal Garden

No less important than the house is its setting of garden and grounds. The ideal home is the right house linked with the right grounds. If either is right in itself, but improperly joined—your ideal has vanished.

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